THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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GAELIC PROGRESS.

Notwithstanding Many Drawbacks the Cause of Gaelic Language and Literature is Making Satisfactory Strides in Ireland.

The Duty of Irishmen in Regard to the Propagation of the Ancient Tongue Powerfully Set Forth by a Dublin Magazine Devoted to the Gaelic Cause.

(From the Dublin Gaelic Journal.)

Our seventh volume just completed has chronicled a continuous spreading and strengthening of the Irish language movement. The Gaelic League has in every way bettered its position. Its branches have increased in number. Some slumbering ones have renewed their activity. The study of Irish has progressed rapidly and great inroads have been made on the realms of prejudice and ignorance and apathy. The self-confidence of local supporters of the movement has been strengthened. The most significant fact has been the cordial reception everywhere given to the project launched by the Gaelic League this month, a project which three years ago would have been scoffed at, the institution of an annual assembly in the interests of the National literature of Ireland.

The Oireachtas may be relied on to give a fresh stimulus to the cultivation of Irish literature. Indeed there is every reason to hope that our National literature is entering on a new period of growth. That growth must be natural. It must not be over-stimulated. It must not be affected or artificial. It must strike its roots into the living vernacular. It must be content to be proved and regulated by a sound and healthy native criticism. These conditions are being realized to a degree that the outside public is hardly aware of. One of the most remarkable results of the teaching work of the Gaelic League has been to bring out a true natural taste in Irish prose and poetry. Such a taste has always existed. With the literary traditions of our language still lively wherever it is spoken, and with the old native-cultured idiom still potent in the Irish-speaking mind, it was impossible it should be otherwise. But the taste has long been merely passive. The methods of popular culture adopted by the League from the outset have called it into activity, and once active it has secured that the future cultivation of our literature shall be no hothouse cultivation of dwindling fibreless growth, but shall be, as it should be, rooted in the genial soil of the country.

The success of this movement will prove the possibility of bringing the highest forms of mental culture home to the humblest firesides, and the Irish-speaking people will in time be known to the world as a race the truest lovers and best judges of literary excellence since the days of the Athenian drama. This is no idle boast. It is an anticipation founded on a knowledge of facts, an anticipation which is even now to some extent realized, and which would long ago have been fully realized but for the ban placed on our native culture by those who hated all things Irish, and too servilely acquiesced in by our compliant selves.

The past few years have seen a marked improvement, or rather a growing assertion of sound taste for Irish literature that is thoroughly Irish. For some time previous it was, to a certain extent, the fashion to write Irish as if Irish had never been written before, as if there were no Irish literary models, and as if Irish literature were a thing yet to be created. This was but a symptom of the canker of servility which makes Irishmen, even when professing an uncompromising attachment to their native land, look up to everything alien that claims their admiration, and look down on everything native, however really worthy of their pride and love. Formerly our National language and literature were the one element of our national being free from that canker. It has again been eliminated from them, thanks to the healthy spirit of the present movement. We are no longer ashamed of our beautiful native metres and expressive poetical forms, and we only wish we could imitate the untainted prose of Keating, O'Molloy and O'Neachtain.

Another element of strength in this revival of national culture is its essentially self-reliant self-centred national spirit. We cannot utilize the Irish language or its literature to show the stranger that we Irish are, after all, not half so poor a lot as they may imagine. We cannot paint for outsiders a highly imaginative picture of our fellow-countrymen, and exhibit them in a superior fashion as very interesting creatures, with such amusing and winning ways of speech and action. Our native literature appeals to our own people alone. We are indifferent to all external prejudice, we are free from all poor-spirited sensitiveness, when we think, write or read in our own language. We have not to look to London either for publication, circulation or appreciation of our work.

The Anglo-Irish or Hiberno-English idea of a National Irish literature is daily becoming a more evident delusion. That literature itself has failed to obtain any hold whatever on the Irish mind. Its political poetry may be popular because of its politics. Its local fiction may be popular because of its localism. But its most successful efforts either in the political or local line pale before the popular vogue of those worthy fruits of our English "education," "Ballyhooly" and the "School of Killaloe." Outside of localism and the expression of national aspirations, it is absolutely unknown to the Irish public, and depends on the non-Irish public for being read at all. At its best, it must conform to an English, not to an Irish standard, and it can attain nothing beyond an accentuated and often eccentric provinciality. It has never made one successful effort to interpret the spirit and genius of our native literature, which it does not understand. If it did understand, it would not attempt. Within its local bounds it can never be a national literature worthy of a nation. Outside those bounds, by the common consent of Irishmen, it ceases to be national. These are truisms. The fact is, the whole idea represents an effort, honest enough, no doubt, to square our aspirations after national culture with the necessities of our un-national upbringing. A hundred years ago Drennan wrote—

"With her back turned to Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular."

O, quantum mutata!

Aversion to Britain is no part of our programme, but we must be excused if we choose to turn our faces to the West, where we know that Ireland stands proudly insular. No foolish notions that our work tends to isolation or is not consonant with modern progress will have the least effect on us. We are certain that Irishmen will not be one jot the more isolated, one jot worse off, for cultivating the real, as distinguished from the theoretical, elements of their nationhood, and we are certain, too, that in doing so they will foster that spirit of self-reliance which is the leading factor even of material prosperity.

We ask our Irish educationalists to mark well these facts. Three generations ago, the Irish language, the greatest instrument for the intellectual elevation of Irishmen, was deliberately put on one side. What has been the gain? Have the ordinary fruits of education ripened among us—the spirit of commercial enterprise, the love of learning and of literature, the taste for general culture, the strengthening of the National character? How could we expect such fruits among people taught to disown their past as if it were disgraceful, and to commence their history again in a condition of miserable dependency?

AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

[To the Editor.]

I clip the following from the Tribune: "The sculptor, Augustus St. Gaudens, may owe some of his talent to his parentage, and the fact that in his veins is the blood of two races in which artistic instincts are stronger than the more practical Anglo-Saxons or Teutons, who contribute most to the population of this country. His father was a French cameo cutter, born near the Town of St. Gaudens, in the Pyrenees, and his mother was a native of Dublin, and her maiden name was McGuinness. Her birthplace was also the birthplace of her son."

The only objection to the above is the superfluous, glaringly incorrect assertion—"the more practical Anglo-Saxons or Teutons, who contribute most to the population of this country." How can the Tribune make such a claim as that? Scanning over its own history, in its elaborate fiftieth memorial issue of a late date, we are informed "the Tribune was named originally (prior to that of its New York contemporary) by an Irishman named Ryan who afterward became chief justice of the State of Wisconsin. Its first brilliant editor was Joe Forrest, also and Irishman, and its present venerable editor and proprietor Joseph Medill, is of Irish ancestry." Since it was founded, most of its forceful editorial writers, from Mr. Sheahan to the late James Sullivan, have been Irishmen.

Its Scotch-Irish reporter was most unfortunate in selecting Chicago and the occasion of unveiling the equestrian statue to commemorate John A. Logan, for his laudation of Anglo-Saxonism. This metropolis of the West, with its two millions cosmopolitan population (two-thirds of whom are not Anglo-Saxon), resting on the shores of Lake Michigan, hallowed by the memories of the intrepid French missionaries, and the fearless explorers Marquette, Hennepin, LaSalle and Joliet, who were engaged in opening up the valley of the Mississippi to civilization, when at the same period, or shortly after, the Anglo-Saxon Yankee Puritans were engaged in hanging Quakers and all others who did not agree with them in their peculiar methods of serving God. The occasion—the unveiling of an equestrian statue of John A. Logan, the son of an Irishman, and the statue itself (the most perfect of its kind, with that of Andrew Jackson at New Orleans) in the United States—designed by a French-Irishman, whom we are sagely informed is the "greatest American sculptor of the age."

The so-called Anglo-Saxon of the British Isles (including the Queen's Irish emigrated to Canada, Nova Scotia and and other British-American possessions, Australia, New Zealand and the Cape of Good Hope) where they are now truly loyal subjects of Great Britain, are rightfully Anglo-Saxons. But why claim the liberty-loving peoples of the Old World who emigrated to the great Republic to enjoy the fruits of liberty? They were actuated by the noble and inspiring lines:

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Land of the lion heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I'll follow with my bosom bare,
Not heeding the storm that rolls along the sky.

The few descendants of the pumpkin-pie and codfish eating Anglo-Saxon Yankees, feebly assisted by their English-speaking Scotch-Irish cousins in (as the flunkey Bayard would say) the mother country, are anxious to forget Washington, Lafayette, Pulaski, Montgomery and our other illustrious revolutionary fathers. They are continually apologising for the repeated insults of the English papers about our government and its institutions, as the brutal attack on John Sherman's communication to Salisbury, relating to their bad faith in the seal fishery business, clearly proves. Why should we become their apologists?

Fiat lux, Mr. Editor. Let there be light clear and refulgent; undaunted, undismayed and with that vigorous forcefulness that has won for THE CITIZEN the admiration of even its enemies.

HUBERT KELLY.
(Tullamore.)

OBITUARY.

MISS KATE AHERN.

Miss Kate Ahern, aunt of Mrs. Walter J. Gibbons and of George, Charles and Miss Kate Ahern, of this city, died in New York, after a prolonged illness, recently. She was born in county Cork, Ireland, sixty-seven years ago, and had been a resident of this country more than half her lifetime. Deceased was a sister of the late Daniel C. Ahern, of Chicago, for many years cashier of the Northwestern railroad office. Miss Ahern was an exemplary Catholic and died with Christian hope and resignation.

MR. JOHN F. COSGROVE.

Mr. John F. Cosgrove, a bright young Irishman, died on Monday morning, Aug. 2, after an illness of a few days, leaving a wife and daughter. Mr. Cosgrove was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1873, where his father still resides. He was for years a member of the Young Men's C. T. A. & B. society, and at the time of his death was recording secretary of the same. The funeral took place on Wednesday last. The remains were taken to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, where a requiem high mass was celebrated, Rev. J. J. Fenlon officiating. The interment was at Calvary cemetery. The pallbearers, members of the Young Men's C. T. A. & B. society, were W. T. Garrity, Aloysius Carroll, John Canavan, Frank W. Hansen, Henry W. Brown and Patrick Loftus.

MRS. MARY JACKSON.

On Thursday, July 22, all that was mortal of Mrs. Mary Jackson was laid away in Holy Cross cemetery, Philadelphia. Mrs. Jackson had been ailing for the past few years, and all that the loving care and solicitude of a devoted husband and family could do was done with the hope of nursing her back to health. Mrs. Jackson was 33 years old and was baptized, confirmed and married in St. Augustine's church, where a solemn requiem mass was celebrated for the repose of her soul. Rev. D. J. Sullivan, O. S. A., preached the funeral sermon and paid a high tribute to the virtues of the deceased as a daughter, wife and mother. Mrs. Jackson was the wife of James Jackson, one of the best known members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in the country, having been four years president of Div. 1, Philadelphia; six years county president of Philadelphia; seven years state president of Pennsylvania, and two years national director. The funeral of Mrs. Jackson was one of the largest ever held in Philadelphia. The warmest sympathy was expressed everywhere for the bereaved husband and family. Mrs. Jackson leaves four children to mourn her untimely death.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

DECORATION DAY, 1897.

[Taking for my text the glorious lines of J. K. Ingram, "Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-eight?" I wish to inscribe the following verses to the memory of the men of '98, '48 and '67, and to the success of the men who are coming.]

To many "cities of the dead,"
From Antrim to Kildare,
In serried lines come Ireland's sons
And Ireland's daughters fair,
Eager to deck with loving hands
The lowly mounds and lone
Of those who worked for Ireland's right,
With Stephens and Wolfe Tone!

On many grassy knolls are seen
Fair wreaths of woven flowers,
Laid there by kindly Irish hearts,
Who hearken to the hours
When boyhood's soul with burning thrill
Longed for the hour of strife,
When men held "Ireland over all,"
And to her gave each life!

They failed — they fell—they passed away,
And cowards point with scorn
To chains unbroken, lime-filled graves,
To wives and babes forlorn,
And say—those shivering wretches say,
We must forget the past,
We must not cherish deathless Hope,
We're British now at last!

But Ireland's manhood thunders No!
Not vain our heroes died;
Their mem'ries live in Irish hearts,
Their flames are Ireland's pride.
The Shannon's tide shall backward roll,
The sun shall fall from heaven,
Ere we shall blush for Ninety-eight
Or the men of Sixty-seven.

—LAWRENCE MCMULLEN in the Independent.

FATHER AGNEW'S FUNERAL.

The funeral services of Rev. Father Agnew were held Friday morning of last week in St. Sylvester's church, Humboldt boulevard and Palmer avenue, where the remains of the revered pastor had lain in state since the previous evening. The church was crowded beyond its capacity by mourners from all parts of the city. The chanting of the Office of the Dead by the clergy preceded the solemn high mass of requiem, which was celebrated by Rev. J. A. Hines, pastor of the church of Our Lady of the Angels; Rev. P. D. Gill, of Mt. Carmel church deacon; Rev. T. F. Galligan, of St. Patrick's church, subdeacon, and Rev. N. J. Mooney and Rev. Father O'Gara McShane, masters of ceremonies. Fathers Egan and Flaherty were deacons of honor. Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan was present at the mass, and pronounced the last absolutions. The sermon was delivered by Rev. D. J. Riordan, pastor of St. Elizabeth's. Among the clergy present were the following: Rev. Fathers Barth, Lynch, D. O'Brien, E. Dunne, P. T. Butler, H. Smyth, D. Hennessy, L. Egan, W. Hennessy, M. J. Fitzsimmons, J. M. Scanlan, J. P. Dore, Mooney, Jennings, O'Neil, Lonergan, Egan, Kearns, Reade, Croke, Code, O'Brien, Byrne, Murphy, Dorney, J. Code, Foster, Flannagan, Kelly, Smith, O'Leary (St. Louis), Bangan (Aurora), McLaughlin (Aurora), Dunne (Joliet), Rathz, Flaherty (Rockford), Bontield, Lange, McCormack, Ryan, Mahony, McGavick, M. O'Brien, Hynes, Galligan, Barry, Perry, Kinney, Callaghan, O'Sullivan, Hodnett, VanPelt, Gillan, Woulfe, Luttrell, Dorney, Crowe, Goodwin, Thiele, Giangrandi, Flood, Fox, Dowling, Clancy (Woodstock), Ocenacek, Hitchcock, O'Gara McShane, Muldoon, Faber, Morrisey and McMahon.

The honorary pallbearers were Messrs. N. Neary, James R. Walsh, John Cudahy, Dr. J. B. Murphy, John M. Smyth and Thomas Brenan.

The active pallbearers, membes of Manning Court, C. O. F., were Messrs. J. M. Jellich, F. D. Connery, T. J. Blum, A. H. Oppergeld, J. S. Buckett, John Armstrong, Wm. A. St. Clair and E. H. Ashenden. The interment was at Calvary. R. I. P.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly Magazine for August.

A special fiction number is Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for August. There are seven complete stories, all illustrated, and all are bright and clever, the one by Margaret E. Sangster being particularly noticeable for its sweet simplicity. But the number is not given up entirely to fiction. There is an attractively illustrated paper entitled "A Grandee of the Fields," in which Martha McCulloch-Williams chats entertainingly of tobacco, its history and cultivation. The University of Virginia is the subject of an article by Richard Heath Dabney, forming the tenth paper in this magazine's popular series on American Universities and Colleges; it is illustrated with good portraits and views. Harvey Rowell describes "Summer Logging in Wisconsin"; there is a most interesting account of a visit to Japan, under the title "In the Land of the Mikado," by Dr. J. Simms, with capital half-tone cuts; Col. Alexander E. Sweet tells of an exciting German student duel of which he was a witness; "Beasts of Burden" is the subject of an article by the well-known traveler-author, Frederick A. Ober; the department for young people contains a story, a paper on stamp-collecting, and the continuation of Horatio Alger's serial. Then there are illustrated poems, talks about books, comments on pictures and the Leslie Portfolio. —Frank Leslie's Publishing House, New York.

A CORRECTION.

EDITOR NEW YORK SUN: In the Sun of June 27 (correcting the figures in your issue of March 28), it is stated "that the number of Irish born soldiers in the Northern armies is said, unofficially, to have been 144,200."

These figures, as the Sun knows, are the result of Dr. B. A. Gould's deductions and inferences of the make up of the Union armies that put down the Confederate states rebellion. (See his "Investigations in the Military and Anthropological Statistics of American Soldiers"). I have shown in the Sun more than once (the last time in the issue of Dec. 13, 1896,) how very misleading are these deductions Dr. Gould himself says that his figures are but "apparent estimates," and he adds: "As it is clearly out of the question to form any trustworthy numerical estimate of this mode of estimation, it seems the better course to give the resultant figures, after calling attention to this course of inaccuracy in the inferences."

There is, however, in the medical statistics of the provost marshal general's bureau a table, which gives the best existing basis of a true estimate of the number of soldiers of different nativities who served in the Union armies during the rebellion. It shows the order of superiority in stature of 501,000 men of different nativities. Ireland's proportion in that number was 50,537, or a fraction over 10 per cent. Taking these half million of men—who were actually measured and examined—as a basis of calculation, we find that Ireland's contribution to the Northern army was 279,975, or 10.8 per cent. of the aggregate enlistments—2,778,304—instead of only 140,200 as stated in your issue of June 27.

As it is the practice of those who try to ignore or belittle the part taken by the people of Irish nativity and descent in founding and upbuilding the American nation and its institutions, to call Americans of Irish nativity, even to the third and fourth generations, "Irish," if I were to apply this practice I would be justified in claiming that more than half of the Union armies consisted of Irish soldiers, especially when it is remembered how the "Irish" and their descendants have always rallied to the Union flag in the hour of danger.

J. D. O'CONNELL.
Treasury Dept., July 1, 1897.

St. Nicholas Magazine.

There is wide variety in the contents of the August number of St. Nicholas. Charles Thaxter Hill, the artist who has written a number of articles about the New York fire department for this magazine, contributes a sketch of "Peter Spots"—Fireman. Peter is a dog belonging to one of the engine companies in New York, and he is as enthusiastic a "fireman" as any one in the department. A. Hyatt Verrill tells of "Some Common Bees and How They Live." Among the ingenious insect homes that the writer describes are those made by the carpenter-bee and the leaf-cutting bee. Mr. Verrill also tells of the bee that makes himself an uninvited guest in the home of the bumblebee. A paper by Gustav Kobbe is "On the Grand Banks and Elsewhere." Mr. Kobbe writes of the hardy Nova Scotian and Yankee fisherman, and of their methods of catching cod and halibut. "My Musical Mouse," as described by Albert Bigelow Paine, was a wild little mouse that was charmed from its hole and tamed by its irresistible love of music. A story for little girls is "Priscilla's Fairy Godmother," by Gertrude Halladay, and it contains a hint for parents who have to take their children on a wearying railway journey. An old-fashioned fairy story is "Twiddledetwit," by Martha Finley. The three serials increase in interest as they near their ends. In "Master Skylark" Shakspere appears in person for the first time, and there is a characteristic scene between him and "Rare Ben" Jonson. In "The Last Three Soldiers" the Crusoes on the mountain-top receive a message from the outside world that still further mystifies them as to the result of the war. "Miss Nina Barrow" continues to receive the helpful influences of her English cousins. There are many verses and jingles in the number, including two longer poems by Rev. Felix J. O'Neill and Elsie Hill. Almost every article is illustrated, and such favorite artists as Birch, Varian, Relyea and Clinedinst are freely represented.

From "Men to Things."

Change is not progress unless it is a return to truth.

Leo XIII. has compelled the world to know that the church is ready to meet the twentieth century whether that coming giant proposes to do battle with brains or with brawn.

More women than men are being educated, refined and lifted toward true culture. They read more, work at their own advancement more, and hence know more and are more. Does this mean that marriage for most women will be—"to decline on a range of lower feeling?"

Among the surprises of the next world, and, perhaps, later on in this world also, will be the discovery that the truly "progressive women" of this century were to be found in the convents of the religious orders.

The New York Sun has earned a debt of gratitude from every thinking man in the United States, in many ways. In none, it seems to me, more quaintly or more usefully than by its irresistibly funny comments on the grammar of our esteemed contemporaries. Atrocities like "in our midst," once moving in good society, have been laughed out of court, to appear on rare occasions only in luminaries such as the Pike County Dawn or the Groggsville Echo.

A thankless task is his who criticises. Yet a man would suffer much to get all people to see the advantage of saying, "I did." "Done" is like machine oil, and man himself—excellent in its proper place. Life has been saddened for me by the curious indifference of so many good people to the fact that men cannot "lay" down, and that to go for a walk "with Tom and I" might be pleasant, but not English. Shine on, Mr. Dana! —Henry Austin Adams, M. A., in Donahoe's.

Scenic Beauties of Alaska.

The Midsummer Holiday (August) number of the Century is a "Travel Number." One of the articles is "The Alaska Trip," by John Muir, the author and naturalist. Mr. Muir says:

To the lover of wildness Alaska offers a glorious field for either work or rest; landscape beauty in a thousand forms, things great and small, novel and familiar, as wild and pure as paradise. Wander where you may, wildness ever fresh and ever beautiful meets you in endless variety; ice-laden mountains, hundreds of miles of them, peaked and pinnacled and crowded together like trees in groves, and so high and so divinely clad in clouds and air that they seem to belong more to heaven than to earth; inland plains grassy and flowery, dotted with groves and extending like seas all around to the rim of the sky; lakes and streams shining and singing, outspread in sheets of mazy embroidery in untraceable, measureless abundance, brightening every landscape, and keeping the ground fresh and fruitful forever; forests of evergreens growing close together like leaves of grass, girdling a thousand islands and mountains in glorious array; mountains that are monuments of the work of ice, mountains monuments of volcanic fires; gardens filled with the fairest flowers, giving their fragrance to every wandering wind; and far to the north thousands of miles of ocean ice, now wrapped in fog, now glowing in sunshine through nightless days, and again shining in wintry splendor beneath the beams of the aurora—sea, land and sky one mass of white radiance like a star. Storms, too, are here as wild and sublime in size and scenery as the landscapes beneath them, displaying the glorious pomp of clouds on the march over mountain and plain, the flight of the snow when all the sky is in bloom, trailing rain-floods, and the booming plunge of avalanches and icebergs and rivers in their rocky glens; while multitudes of wild animals and wild people, clad in feathers and furs, biting, loving, getting a living, make all the wildness wilder.

DuPage County's New Court House.

The DuPage County court house, at Wheaton, was dedicated Saturday afternoon, July 31, with imposing ceremonies. Representative citizens of Naperville, Glenn Ellyn, Elmhurst and other towns in DuPage and adjoining counties were present to assist in making the event the most notable in the history of the county. The new court house is one of the most beautiful and substantial public structures in this section of the State. It is thoroughly fire-proof and modern in all of its interior and exterior appointments. The style of architecture is on the Romanesque order. The beauty of the building is enhanced by its location in the midst of a beautiful grove of maple and other ornamental trees. The exercises were of an impromptu character, and consisted of speeches by Judge George W. Brown, Mayor Piorenette, City Attorney A. A. McClanahan, Royal W. Morgan, Judge Battan, of Naperville, and others, and music by the DuPage County and Aurora bands. In the evening the court house was brilliantly illuminated and thrown open for public inspection. An informal reception was tendered Judge Brown in the evening in the Circuit Court chambers. Judge Brown is the youngest circuit judge ever elected in the county, and the first who will enjoy the distinction of presiding in the new court house. A reception tendered to Chester D. Bartlett and the Board of Supervisors of the county in the old Recorder's office concluded the exercises of the evening. Speeches were made and toasts delivered and responded to by Ald. Daniel Compton, J. O. Clifford, George Patrick, Edward P. Garrity, John Kamp, Thomas Betts, C. B. Blodgett, Chester D. Bartlett, William Hammerschmidt, R. S. Chandler, Henry Wheaton, A. A. McClanahan, William T. Griffin, Charles Hiatt and other prominent citizens of Wheaton.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

"THE SHAN VAN VOCHT."

The Shan Van Vocht should be read by all good Irishmen. It is a brilliant journal devoted to the teaching of true Irish Nationalism, Irish Literature and the Language of the Gael, and has eminent contributors. It is edited by two Irish patriot girls, Miss Alice Milligan and Miss Anna Johnston, in the stronghold of English ascendancy, Belfast. The yearly subscription is 60 cents; single copies 5 cents. Send subscriptions (in postage stamps) to American agent, M. J. O'Brien, No. 195 Broadway, New York city.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

ONE MORE CRISIS

Makes Its Appearance in the Strike of the Coal Miners.

PITTSBURG DISTRICT THE CENTER

The Disturbance and the Sheriff Preparing to Call Out the Troops—His Proclamation Ignored and a Big Meeting Held—Dead Set Made at De Armit's Men—Trouble Brewing in West Virginio, Too—Notice of Evictions of Strikers.

Pittsburg, Aug. 3.—Whatever the immediate culmination of the strike situation may be in this disctrict, it is evident that Sheriff Lowrey considers the time a critical one. Last night he telegraphed Governor Hastings fully concerning the conditions existing here, with the evident purpose of having the governor prepared for any emergency that may arise in the near future. It is learned that the governor has been so impressed with the gravity o fthe case that he has instructed the adjutant general to remain in his office all night, awaiting any requisition that may be made on him for troops. The only surface occasion for this precaution is the fact that an immense procession of miners and citizens, headed by Burgess Teats, of Turtle Creek, marched through the streets of the borough last night and back again to "Camp Determination," where a meeting was held and the burgess assured the men that they had his sympathy as well as that of all the citizens thereabouts. The big assembly at McCrea's school house yesterday was in violation of the sheriff's proclamation.

Meeting at McCrea's School House.

At 1:30 this morning ex-Sheriff Richards, in charge of the sixty deputies at Turtle Creek, took them all from that place to Plum Creek, where it is expected the strikers will make an attempt to prevent the miners from going to work. It is announced that the De Armit company practically admits that the Turtle Creek mines cannot be operated at present and has decided to close them down. The mass-meeting of miners at the McCrea school house yesterday was the greatest during the strike, and probably the largest gathering of the kind ever seen in Allegheny county. More than 5,000 striking miners were gathered for an all-day session, and labor leaders addressed them in various tongues, while bands of music served to stir up the enthusiasm to the highest pitch. From early morning miners of every nationality were gathering at the school house. There was great enthusiasm, and men rushed around shaking hands, shouting and even embracing each other. The crowd that had gathered was so much larger than the men had anticipated that they were wild with joy and drunken on success.

Feeling Was One of Triumph.

Among the speakers was Mrs. M. G. Jones, a Chicago female labor agitator. There was a rumor in the camp that Sheriff Lowrey would appear with deputies and force the meeting to disperse, but it was evidently unfounded. The speeches were not of an inflammatory character, and the big crowd was orderly during the whole day. It was announced that but twenty-nine men were at work yesterday in the Plum Creek mines, while only two or three were in the Sandy Creek mine. The policy of the miners is to form camps at these mines as well as at Oak Hill and maintain large parties on guard. President Dolan announced that he could get land from private parties on which to pitch his camps. The feeling in the camp was one of triumph. The miners claim that they are on the high road to success, and the enthusiasm was at fever heat. J. T. McCoy, a prominent member of the typographical union, extended the sympathy and financial support of the printers of the country.

Crisis Is Near at Hand.

Each camp in the besieged district will be kept constantly supplied with guards. Headquarters, as heretofore, will be "Camp Determination," at Turtle Creek. The force of deputies was kept busy. Every move was watched and trouble seemed to be in the air. The condition can be said to be critical. Both sides feel that there is a crisis near at hand. The officialsof the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal company gave out the statement last night that their forces were increased in Turtle Creek mines, and that more men were at work in the Plum Creek mine than there has been since the campaign against the company started.

EVICTIONS TO BEGIN SOON.

West Virginia Strikers Get Notice—Mahon Defies the "Petty Court."

Grafton, W. Va., Aug. 3.—Notice has been served by Superintendent A. P. Goedecke, of the Flemington mines, to every striking miner in the region occupying the company's houses, to vacate the property immediately. Excitement runs high among the miners, as the notice says their goods will be thrown into the street if they are not out within a specified time. An attempt will be made to operate the mines with non-union men.

Charleston, W. Va., Aug. 3.—A delegate meeting of miners was held at Montgomery, twenty-five miles east of here yesterday. There were thirty-two delegates present, and twenty mines represented. The meeting was addressed by W. D. Mahon, of Detroit, who is in charge of the work of organizing miners in West Virginia, and others. Resolutions were passed demanding a 50-cent rate for digging coal and a check weighman on each tipple. An agreement to quit work and remain idle till a scale of prices was agreed upon for coal diggers of all the states was also adopted.

Referring to the injunction issued by Judge Mason Mahon said he would pay no attention to it. He had been accustomed to being enjoined in various strikes for the last five years. He had never paid any attention to injunctions, and had never been arrested. He knew his rights as an American citizen, and he proposed to maintain them. He had been teaching his men their rights and was urging them to fight for them. He had two grandfathers in the Revolutionary war, and the only legacy they had left him was the liberty of speech and action. No petty judge should deprive him of the liberty purchased for him by the blood of his fathers.

Huntington, W. Va., Aug. 3.—Every colliery on the Norfolk and Western railroad was running yesterday to its fullest capacity, and more than 900 cars of coal were shipped north over this line. Two meetings were advertised for last night, but what action was decided upon is not known. The miners all seem well satisfied and the operators are firmly of the opinion that their men cannot be induced to quit work.

Wheeling, W. Va., Aug. 3.—Efforts of the organizers to repair the breaks in the strike in the Wheeling district have failed. In addition to the Bogg's Run mines, where nearly a full force was employed, the mines at Elm Grove, Glendale and Moundsville were operated. At all the mines except Bogg's Run the miners are divided, about half remaining out. The organizers are now waiting for the great mass meeting on Thursday night, "miners day," when President Mahon will make the principal address. Advices from Fairmont and Clarksburg are to the effect that the strike is generally spreading, and Rea is confident that the northern West Virginia districts will soon be tied up.

Good Signs of Trouble in Illinois.

St. Louis, Aug. 3.—A special from Odin,, Ills., to The Republic says: One hundred striking miners from Breese, O'Fallon, Trenton, and Belleville, invaded this town again yesterday and several hundred more are expected today from the Centralia, Sorrento, Mento, and Alma mines. The men are now encamped near the northwest city limits, Marshal Murray having notified them that they could not camp within the corporate lines. Mayor Farthing has deputized forty citizens, white and colored, to act as marshals. They are armed with revolvers, heavy clubs, and some few display formidable looking rifles. An effort was made to induce the mayor to compel the invaders to leave the vicinity, but it was a failure. The mines here are being operated by a full force of men.

Couldn't Get Them Back to Work.

St. Louis, Aug. 3.—A great effort was made yesterday morning to stampede the striking miners back to work at and around Belleville, Ills., but it was a dismal failure. At all of the mines south of the town and several in other directions fires were lighted, great clouds of black smoke poured from numerous stacks, whistles were blown long and loud, but the ruse did not work, for only six out of the several hundred strikers living about went down into the bowels of the earth to dig.

Illinois Quarry Strike Is Settled.

Chicago, Aug. 3.—A meeting of the directors of the Western Stone company was held yesterday afternoon and it was unanimously decided to grant the increase of 25 cents a day, which the men had demanded. All the other companies followed the lead of the Western Stone company, and the men will return to work today.

Expels Two Correspondents.

Havana, Aug. 3.—Captain General Weyler has signed an order expelling from Cuba Eduardo Garcia and George Eugene Bryson, correspondents of New York newspapers.

STORM STRUCK BUT ONE HOME.

Details of the Death Wrought at McDowell's Home Near San Jose, Ills.

Bloomington, Ills., Aug. 3.—Reports from the region visited by the cyclone Friday night show that he extent of territory traversed was considerable, but the storm did not strike other homes than that of H. C. McDowell, near San Jose, where six persons were killed outright. McDowell was supervisor of Malone township. He was found dead near the ruins of his house. Close to him his nephew, H. E. McDowell, lay on his back lifeless. Mrs. Sam Brownlee was alive when found. She lingered one hour. One of Mrs. Brownlee's daughters was found dead near the house. Another daughter was found dead next morning in a cornfield 1,600 feet away. Another of her children had both legs broken; still another both arms and both legs broken.

Miss Jessie Groves was killed instantly. Charles McDowell, aged 17, will probably die from his injuries. Mrs. McDowell escaped with slight injuries and Miss McDowell will recover. A self-binder in McDowell's yard was lifted and set down half a mile away. John McDowell's barn was lifted bodily with six horses and set down almost uninjured. The horses were not hurt. Three horses, sixteen sheep and thirty hogs that were in John McDowell's barnyard were killed. A big sassafras tree was found on the dairy farm of John Gerdes. There is no sassafras in the timber anywhere in the vicinity, and it must have been carried a long distance.

ABBREVIATED TELEGRAMS.

For twenty-four days last winter the temperature in the Klondyke was 50 minus.

A Bronson (Mich.) man has a fig tree with a good crop of figs on it, which are ripening.

Now comes an Indian buck with the news that there are bushels of gold in the Wichita mountains, Oklahoma.

Mrs. Margaret Leiong has just arrived at San Francisco, having made the trip from Chicago on her wheel.

An immense swarm of grasshoppers passed over Manistee, Mich., taking about two hours for their passage.

The 2-year-old daughter of Mr. Bothe drowned at Viroqua, Wis., while attempting to follow geese into a shallow pond.

The postoffice authorities are investigating a series of remarkable robberies of mail matter carried aboard the great ocean steamships.

Farmers in southwestern Michigan estimate that the oats crop in that region this season will be one-fourth less than last year.

Vivian Alcore, a resident of Brule, Wis., threw a stick of cordwood at a cow and dislocated his back. He is in the hospital at West Superior.

Mrs. Turner, wife of a farmer living ten miles south of Montello, Wis., hung herself. She left a letter stating she had been contemplating self-destruction for four years.

Arthur Dunbar, of Holly, Mich., aged 11, came near losing his life, as the result of a practical joke. A playmate gave him some blue vitriol to eat for rock candy. Prompt medical aid saved his life.

The group of anarchists of which Emma Goldman is the leader has succeeded in inducing the New York Central Labor union to indorse a petition for the pardon of Alexander Berkman, the anarchist, sentenced to twenty-two years' imprisonment for shooting H. C. Frick.

FOR A SUPREME EFFORT

Spain Getting Ready to Crush the Cuban Rebels.

SACRIFICE OF LIFE NO MATTER.

Weyler's Campaign in Eastern Cuba To Be the Greatest Military Effort Made by Spain Since the Inception of the Revolt—Confirmation of the News of an Attack Last Week of a Havana Suburb by the Insurgents—Situation in Hawaii.

Havana, Aug. 2.—The campaign which General Weyler is contemplating in eastern Cuba will be the greatest military effort made by the Spanish army in the island since the war began, in 1895. The rainy season, the intense heat now prevailing all over the island, and the dire increase by yellow fever of the death rate among the Spanish soldiers will not deter General Weyler. A few days ago the prime minister cabled to Weyler that it was necessary to "crush the revolution in a short time, at no matter what sacrifice to life."

Decides to Play Her Last Card.

Spain knows that time is the greatest ally of the patriots, as each day of the war means $250,000 more of expense for the Spanish treasury. If Weyler should remain in active command during the balance of the summer, the prolongation of the struggle one year more would be certain. In the face of this dark prospect for Spain, Canovas has evidently decided to throw the last card. In Puerto Principe and Santiago de Cuba where the summer is even more trying than in the west, the "sacrifice of life," of which the Spanish prime minister speaks, will be really terrible in the Spanish army.

War Will Be Merciless.

The war will be also without mercy on both sides. One correspondent at Puerto Principe writes that General Garcia is prepared to meet the Spaniards, and that he has declared that every crime of the enemy, either against the Cubans in arms or against the pacificos, will be followed by terrible retaliation. The orders sent by Weyler to the Spanish columns in Camaguey and Santiago de Cuba are to concentrate the country people in the towns and refuse them permissions to go beyond the reach of the forts. At the same time there will be no prisoners. Every man who falls into the hands of the Spaniards will be immediately shot. A short time was given to women and children to leave the country, and from now on they will be considered as enemies.

WAR CLOSE TO HAVANA.

Insurgents Attack a Suburb of Havana and Sack the Place.

Tampa, Fla., Aug. 2.—The story telegraphed from Havana last week about an attack by insurgents on the suburbs of that city is confirmed by passengers who left Havana on the Plant line steamer Mascott Saturday and arrived here Sunday night. Among the number was Senor Calbajer, a wealthy Spaniard and his wife and daughter, who are now to be reckoned among the refugees who have fled from Havana. The attack referred to was made on the little village of Marnanao, about ten miles southwest of the city, and the terminus of the antiquated and dilapidated Marnanao railroad.

Senor Calbajer was an eye witness of the raid on Marnanao. The insurgent chief left 500 of their troops outside of the town and carried in 300 to the attack. They were well armed with dynamite rapid-fire guns and met with but slight resistance. The engagement was short and desperate. Forty-nine Spaniards were killed and 120 wounded; two Cubans were killed and forty wounded. The inhabitants of the town fled for their lives, leaving the insurgents in complete possession. They sacked the place and secured $40,000 in gold, besides a large quantity of supplies that they could not carry away. Other passengers tell about the same story of the affair. Senor Calbajer says that the wildest terror reigns in Havana and that the well-to-do inhabitants are leaving as fast as local laws will permit.

LATE ADVICES FROM HAWAII.

Numerous Warships in Honolulu Harbor—An Outbreak Feared.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 2.—The steamer Miowera, from Honolulu, brings the following Hawaiian advices: Honolulu harbor is dotted with British, Japanese and United States war vessels and more British and Japanese vessels are expected daily. In semi-official quarters everything is reported quiet, but the impression among citizens is that the condition of affairs is very threatening and a popular outbreak may occur at any time, when international interference from ships in the harbor would occasion complications. The stream of Asiatic laborers is still pouring in, each ship load causing a fresh outbreak of feeling among the different factions on the island.

An immediate cause of alarm is the fact that the United States blue jackets are bitterly hostile to the Hawaiian police, who exercise almost military rule. British and Japanese sailors are not molested, but American blue jackets are constantly arrested as deserters without cause and annoyed in every conceivable way. The object of the authorities in this persecution cannot at present be fathomed. The blue jackets are writing numerous letters to the press protesting against their treatment. Heavy rewards are offered to the police for arresting United States naval deserters, which has caused wholesale arrests of men of the American fleet.

News of the annexation of several of the Solomon islands by Great Britain has been received with excitement and again started a report that advices have been received from England that the United States will not be allowed to annex Hawaii, as Great Britain wants the islands herself. Americans insist on vigilance committees being appointed to look after American interests in view of the persecution of American blue jackets by the police. They ask that the police system be done away with as a menace to the country.

African Rebels Routed.

Capetown, Aug. 2.—Serious fighting took place on Friday on the Langeboor district. The British loss was small. The enemy's position in the Gamasiep valley was captured and the rebels fell back in confusion toward Twalskloof. The government troops have captured all the enemy's position north of Twalskloof. Among the British losses were Sergeants Hall and Mercer. Chief Lukajantjes, who led the rebels, was killed with many of his followers. A general surrender of the rebels is expected.

MADE NO PROGRESS.

Peace Conference Meets but Sultan's Representative Causes Delay.

Constantinople, Aug. 2.—The peace conference held a three-hour's session Saturday. The result is a further postponement of the actual signature of the peace preliminaries. The ambassadors presented the remaining sections of the draft, including those providing for a limited control of Greek finances, and a new article defining the time and method of evacuating Thessaly. Tewfik Pasha in turn, true to his well worn methods of delay, presented a series of amendments to all the articles previously suggested. This will necessitate further discussion.

One Year for Insulting the Queen.

Simla, Aug. 2.—Maulvi Sidayat Rasoul, who was recently arrested at Lucknow on the charge of insulting Queen Victoria and the British government at a meeting of Mohammedans, called to congratulate the sultan on his victories over Greece, on which occasion Maulvi told the assembly that "But for the sultan's forbearance the old woman's ribs would have been broken years ago," has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment. The government offered to accept sureties for his good behavior in lieu of imprisonment, but he could not produce them.

Boers Furnished Mainbeles Arms.

London, Aug. 2.—The correspondent of The Daily Telegraph at Johannesburg says: Grave charges are being formulated against the Boers. The first is that of supplying the Matebeles, before and after the Jameson raid, with large quantities of guns and ammunition bearing the stamp of the Transvaal government. The second charge is that several high Boer officials, while the reformers were in prison, accepted large sums of money, aggregating $35,000, from the reform committee or from friends of its members.

Waiting on the United States.

Managua, via Galveston, Aug. 2.—The congress of Nicaragua was formally opened Monday by President Zelaya. In his address to the deputies the president said that Nicaragua was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the United States engineer commission which is to survey the route for the maritime canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific across Nicaragua.

Floods in Western Austria.

Vienna, Aug. 2.—There is no abatement of the floods in the western and upper Austria. The Danube continues to rise, and the danger is very great. At Linse, 100 miles west of Vienna, and at Mauthausen enormous damage has been done to property. A heavy stone bridge at Linse has been partly demolished.

Government Orders an Attack.

Rio Janeiro, Aug. 2.—The Brazilian government has ordered another attack on the fanatics now at Canudos. The force of government troops there will be increased until 15,000 men are prepared to fight, and in the meantime reinforcements are being sent forward as rapidly as possible.

Annihilated the Portuguese.

London, Aug. 2.—A dispatch to The Times from Capetown says a report has reached there that the Portuguese have been badly routed in the Bileni district, north of Delagoa bay. The natives declare that not a Portuguese is left alive.

HER HUSBAND WAS NOT DEAD.

Peculiar State of Affairs Brought Out in a Michigan Divorce Case.

Adrian, Mich., Aug. 2.—The granting of a decree of divorce by Circuit Judge Lane last Saturday in the case of Helen Cole vs. Wilson Cole, has made public a most peculiar state of affairs. The grounds on which the divorce was granted were cruelty and desertion. It appears that the couple were married at Morenci in October, 1866. They removed to northern Michigan where they lived with their four children until October 24, 1875. On that day Mrs. Cole sent her husband for a doctor, one of the children being seriously ill. He never returned, and is was not until three years thereafter that she heard of him and then she learned that he head been drowned at sea.

Mrs. Cole removed to this city and in 1878 was married to David Jackson, with whom she has ever since lived, and by whom she has had two children. Very recently she learned that her first husband was living at Crystal Valley, where they resided when he disappeared. He is living there with a woman he married in Pennsylvania, and they have several children. As soon as she learned this fact she commenced divorce proceedings with the result stated.

An Aerial Cyclist Killed.

New York, Aug. 2.—A man known as Professor Arion, but whose real name is supposed to be McDonald, was killed at Ridgewood park, Brooklyn, Sunday night. As a part of the entertainment which was being given during a Hessian festival the professor was advertised to ride a bicycle on a wire strung about seventy-five feet from the ground. When half way across the wire the professor lost one of his pedals, causing the bicycle to topple over. The bicyclist fell to the ground, bringing with him an electric wire which he carried with him for the purpose of giving an electrical display. In falling he fractured several ribs and sustained internal injuries. He died soon after his removal to a hospital.

Fatal Train Wreck in Kansas.

Eldorado, Kan., Aug. 2.—The Missouri Pacific passenger train, which left Kansas City at 10:30 o'clock Saturday night, crashed into four loaded freight cars which had been left carelessly standing on the main track at Yates Center, resulted in a wreck. Engineer Jasper Glover and Fireman Cal Rowan, both men of family, living in Eldorado, were fatally injured.

Keeley League Convention.

Chicago, Aug. 2.—The annual convention of the Keeley league, composed exclusively of Keeley cure graduates, will be held Aug. 24, 25 and 26 at Minneapolis, and 2,000 members of the league are expected to be in attendance.

FIND A LAKE OF OIL.

Another Big Discovery Is Made in Alaska.

PETROLEUM OF GREAT RICHNESS.

The Lake Is of Unknown Depth, Several Miles Wide, and Six Miles in Length, and Only Two Miles from the Ocean—What Mint Director Preston Says of Success in the Klondyke—As Rare There as It Is Elsewhere.

San Francisco, Aug. 3.—While the whole world is excited over the gold discoveries in the north, sight has been lost of another discovery that promises to be of great value in the development of that section. Some months ago a lake of pure petroleum was discovered and samples were sent to Seattle for analysis. The report on these has just been made public, and the find is reported to be of most marvelous richness. A company has been formed in Seattle to handle the product, and travelers from there say that the company intends to put it on the Alaskan market at once.

Close to Transportation.

The lake is of unknown depth, several miles wide, and five or six miles in length, and the quality of the petroleum is said to be of the finest. It is fed by springs, and the hills surrounding it are said to be rich in coal and asphalt. The lake is only two miles from the ocean, so that the difficulties of transportation are reduced to a minimum. It is the expectation of the owners of the lake to take its product into the mining camps of northern Alaska wherever the waterways will permit.

NOTHING SAID OF THE LOSERS.

Success as Rare in the Klondyke Gold Fields as Elsewhere.

Washington, Aug. 3.—"One great trouble with this Klondyke craze," said Director of the Mint Preston Monday, "is that the stories have chiefly to do with the startlingly great successes which have crowned the efforts of the gold seekers. I think it would be well for the newspapers to give more space than they have been doing to the fearful hardships which Alaskan gold-seekers undergo. Their search for gold is probably the hardest task it has ever been their lot to experience. We hear of men who go there and after a few months' work strike it rich and come back with pockets filled with gold. But we hear little of the much larger number of men who have been digging for Klondyke gold for years and who are still digging, and for less money than they could make here at any decent employment.

"If the tales were told of the gold-seekers who have frozen and starved to death in that far-away country, there would be fewer to go to Klondyke, I fancy. I don't want to discourage any one from going, but I would like to have every one who goes know before he starts just what he will have to cope with ere he can reach success. If he could be assured of success then, it wouldn't be so bad. But success there is, I suppose, as rare as success on the stock exchange.'

An Army of Men Going Over the Pass.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 3.—According to reports of officers on the Alki, which arrived Sunday night, 1,300 men are on the trail between salt water and Chilkoot pass. Only a few have succeeded in crossing the divide. In the wake of these 1,300 breasting Chilkoot pass, fully 2,000 other gold hunters will have reached Dyea by Aug. 15.

Going to the Klondyke in a Balloon.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Aug. 3.—Frank A. Corey intends to start for Alaska in a balloon Aug. 10. His airship is a novel contrivance shaped like an immense kite. He will take a ton of provisions aboard and two companions.

Lower License or No Drinks.

Danville, Ills., Aug. 3.—Every one of the forty-two saloon in Danville is closed and the thirsty citizens must go to Germantown or the road houses for a drink. The Liquor Dealers' association petitioned the city council last Thursday night to lower the license from $300 to $600 and threatened to close their places on refusal. The council refused and Monday morning every saloon in the city was found to be closed. Monday was the day for the renewal of licenses.

Double Action of a Pistol.

Guthrie, O. T., Aug. 3.—A row occurred at a negro dance here and the police attempted to make several arrests when a general fight ensued and the police used force to protect themselves. Assistant Marshal Bishop struck a negro named Lowe over the head with his revolver, knocking him down, and at the same time the weapon was discharged, the ball entering the head of another negro in the crowd, resulting in his death two hours later.

Dr. Andrews and Brown University.

Providence, R. I., Aug. 3.—Some of the younger members of the faculty of Brown university are desirous of making a protest to the trustees of the college with reference to the position in which Dr. Andrews has been placed. It is understood that the protest has been drawn up, but many members of the faculty decline to sign it. Those interested decline to discuss the matter.

Vessel Destroyed by Fire.

Savanah, Ga., Aug. 3.—The British barkentine Cypher, reported in these dispatches Saturday as having been saved from destruction by flames Friday night in this harbor, was completely destroyed by fire Monday with her cargo of rosin and lumber, valued at $6,500. The vessel was worth $7,000. Some of the crew did not want to go to sea and it is thought they set the vessel on fire to keep from sailing. There have been no arrests.

Cashier Found Guilty.

Akron, Colo., Aug. 3.—In the case of H. G. Newson, ex-cashier of the defunct Washington county bank, charged with receiving deposits knowing the bank was insolvent and with embezzling $2,600 of the banks money, the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

Five Prisoners Break Out of Jail.

St. Joseph, Mich., Aug. 3.—Five prisoners broke jail here at about 2 o'clock Monday morning. The jail is a new structure. The men are still at large.

RECORD BREAKERS ARE FREAKS.

So the Turners in Convention at Milwaukee Declare.

Milwaukee, Aug. 3.—The discussions and lectures at the convention of the North American Gymnastic association physical directors have brought to light a strong element that favors the more rapid introduction of American ideas in the German system of gymnastic instruction. George Wittig, of St. Louis, represents the faction that terms itself the progressive element, while G. A. Schlaefli, of this city, is the leader of the element which would limit its progress to a gradual development of the German system. Herman J. Boos devoted the greater part of his address to the games that the Americans are devoting themselves to, among them basket ball, hand ball, battle ball and a game known as tambourine ball.

He said the Americans were making more records than the Turners in all branches of athletics, and that the Turners might learn much in addition to what is expounded in their system if they wished. Boos was taken to task for his radical departure from the rules and views that had stood years of test as a system that developed the mental and physical qualities harmoniously. His opponents characterized the American record breakers as freaks.

PHIL SHERIDAN WAS RIGHT.

When He Said He Would Rent Texas and Live Somewhere Else.

Paris, Tex., Aug. 3.—News of a peculiar tragedy, surrounded by circumstances of an unusual character that occurred a few days ago near Monkston, in Fannin county, has reached here. It seems that Rev. Cap Jones, a preacher who was married and had children, eloped with the 16-year old daughter of Rev. James Widesby. They fled to the Indian Territory. Widesby gathered a number of friends, among whom was another preacher, and went in pursuit of the guilty pair.

Jones eluded them and returned to Texas, but Widesby and party overhauled him and shot him, leaving him for dead in the woods near the road. A man passing that way heard him groaning and on going to the scene Jones told him who did it. He afterwards died. Widesby, a preacher named Yarborough, and four others have been arrested and lodged in jail at Bonham.

Three-Score and a Suicide.

Baraboo, Wis., Aug. 3.—News reached this city yesterday of the tragic death of Arthur S. Frain, at the Cliff House, Devil's Lake, Saturday night. He was found in his room on the bed dead with two bullet holes in his head and a revolver lying by his side. It is thought that despondency was the cause of the deed. He was about 60 years of age and a brother of Dr. Frain, of Chicago.

The Weather We May Expect.

Washington, Aug. 3.—Following are the weather indications for twenty-four hours from 8 p. m. yesterday: For Indiana and Illinois—Local showers probable; cooler; variable winds. For Lower Michigan—Threatening weather, with prospects of light local showers this afternoon; cooler in southern portion; light variable winds. For Upper Michigan—Showers, followed by fair weather tonight; cooler; light northerly winds. For Wisconsin—Fair weather, preceded by showers in extreme eastern portion; cooler in southern and southeastern portions; light northeasterly winds. For Iowa—Generally fair, cooler weather; northerly winds.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, Aug. 2.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—September, opened 74¾c, closed 75¼c; December, opened 76c, closed 76⅝c. Corn—September, opened 28¾c, closed 28½c; December, opened 29¼c, closed 29½c; May, opened 31⅞c, closed 32¼c. Oats—September, opened 17⅝c, closed 17⅜c; December, opened 18½c, closed nominal; May, opened 20¾c, closed 20⅞c. Pork—September, opened $7.80, closed $7.80. Lard—September, opened $4.25, closed $4.22½; October, opened $4.30, closed $4.27½; December, opened nominal closed nominal.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 14½c per lb; extra dairy, 12c; fresh packing stock, 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 10c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 7@9c per lb; chickens, 7½@8c; spring, 9@9½c; ducks, 8 @ 8½c. New potatoes, $1.65@1.75 per bbl. Blackberries—Fair to good, 50@65 per 16-qt. case, Raspberries—Ited, 65@80c per 16-pt. case; black, 40@50c per 16-qt. case.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Aug. 2.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 19,000. Quality fair. Market was rather active on shipping and local account. Best lots ruled steady, while other grades were weak and 10c lower. Quotations ranged at $4.90@5.20 for choice to extra shipping steers, $4.40@4.90 good to choice do., $4.15@4.60 fair to good, $3.85@4.20 common to mediumdo., $2.80@4.15 butchers' steers, $3.25@3.90 stockers.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 22,000, largely lambs. Quality fairly good. Market rather active. Sheep were steady and lambs 10@20c lower. Quotations ranged at $2.75@4.20 western, $2.70@3.50 Texans, $2.35@4.00 natives and $3.15@5.15 lambs.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 46,000. Quality good. Left over, about 1,400. Market fairly active and weaker, prices 10c lower. Sales ranged at $3.70@3.92½ for pigs, $3.70@3.95 for light, $3.50@3.65 for rough packing, $3.65@3.87½ for mixed and $3.65@3.85 for heavy packing and shipping lots.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, Aug. 2.

Wheat—Higher; No. 1 northern, 84c; No. 2 spring, 81@81½c; December, 75½c. Corn—Higher; No. 3, 27½c. Oats—Steadier; No. 2 white, 21@21½c. Barley—Steady; No. 2, 33@34c. Rye—Higher; No. 1, 42c.

Woman's Work

Is never done, and it is especially wearing and wearisome to those whose blood is impure and unfit properly to tone, sustain and renew the wasting of nerve, muscle and tissue. The only remedy for tired, weak, nervous women is in building up by taking a good nerve tonic, blood purifier and vitalizer like Hood's Sarsaparilla. For troubles *Peculiar to Women* at change of season, climate or life, great cures are made by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

do not cause pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

Hood's Pills

EXILED TO SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

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CHAPTER I.

A REMARKABLE INTERVIEW.

It was November in Paris.

The proverbial gloominess, however, was entirely lacking in the estimation of Colonel Hercules Hoffman as he looked down on the gay and crowded boulevard from his apartment in the Hotel Bristol.

Colonel Hoffman was a New Yorker, a man of wealth, position and prominence, and in spite of the seductive attractions of the French capital he was congratulating himself on the completion of the business that had taken him abroad and the prospects of a speedy return home.

In Paris Colonel Hoffman was an atom, a mite; in New York he was—somebody.

He turned from the window and strolled softly across the room.

A faint smile hovered on his features as a huge mirror brought him face to face with his own reflection.

What he saw was a tall, finely formed man, with a pleasing face, becomingly adorned with a light mustache and English side whiskers.

As the colonel turned again to the window a sharp rat-tat-tat echoed on the panels of the door, and a servant entered, with a card on a silver salver.

"A gentleman for monsieur; he waits below."

Colonel Hoffman raised the card with his thumb and forefinger and carelessly read the inscription, "Vladimir Saradoff, Nevskoi Prospekt, St. Petersburg."

A dusky pallor passed swiftly over his ruddy features, and the card trembled in his fingers.

"Show the gentleman up," he said briefly and then muttered under his breath: "Vladimir Saradoff of all men. What ill wind brings him here today?"

Warned by approaching footsteps, he hastily composed his features.

A moment later the door was thrown open, and Vladimir Saradoff appeared in person.

The Russian was a typical representative of his race.

Huge of stature, yet graceful in every movement, his patrician bearing and aristocratic features awoke Colonel Hoffman's deepest admiration. His hair was coal black, and his mustache and beard were trimmed and pointed in French fashion.

A huge cloak, richly trimmed with fur, was thrown loosely over his shoulders, and he held a cap of the same material in his hand. He glanced sharply at the colonel under his gold eyeglass.

"Colonel Hoffman of New York, I believe," he said in perfect English, and then the two gentlemen shook hands.

The Russian tossed aside his coat and cap and took the chair that his host handed him.

Colonel Hoffman seated himself opposite, and then ensued a brief, embarrassing silence.

An attentive observer would have promptly concluded that the interview about to take place would be no friendly one.

The Russian's features were stern, and his eyes were fixed on the American with an intensity of gaze that made Colonel Hoffman ill at ease.

He shuffled to and fro in his chair, glanced from one part of the room to the other, and at last in desperation drew out a cigar and, lighting it, began to smoke furiously.

A faint smile flitted across Vladimir Saradoff's features.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said abruptly. "By mere chance I became aware of your presence in Paris and have thus spared myself the fatigue of a voyage across the Atlantic. I presume I am not mistaken. You are the guardian of my—my nephew, Maurice Hammond, the son of my dead sister?"

Colonel Hoffman inclined his head.

"Yes, I am."

"Where is the boy now?" asked the Russian.

"Traveling in the western states of America with a college mate."

"When does he come of age?"

"In a little more than two years. He will be 19 in December."

Vladimir Saradoff leaned forward in his chair.

"By my sister's will," he said slowly, "all her property was left to her husband, in trust for their only child Maurice. In case the boy died unmarried the whole of the property reverted to me. Am I right?"

"Yes, precisely right."

"Now," continued the Russian in soft tones, "on the death of Frederick Hammond ten years ago you were appointed guardian of the boy. May I ask what is the extent of the property intrusted to your care?"

Behind the curling cigar smoke Colonel Hoffman paled visibly.

The Russian watched him closely.

"In rough figures," he said, with assumed carelessness, "the estate would possibly amount to $200,000."

"Very good," replied Vladimir Saradoff. "Your memory is not bad. I have here," he continued, pulling a small notebook from his inner pocket, "a copy of the inventory which you filed as guardian. The estate consists of negotiable bonds and stocks to the amount of $210,000, in Russian money 400,000 rubles.

"Now, M. Hoffman," he added with a sudden change of voice, "what did you do with the malachite box of jewels?"

Had a bombshell exploded in the apartment that instant it could not have produced a more startling effect upon Colonel Hoffman.

Trembling in every limb, he sank back in his chair.

The Russian looked on calmly.

"Sit still," he added sharply as the colonel made a feeble effort to rise, "and don't attempt to deny your guilt. It is useless. I am in possession of all the facts. I knew of the existence of those jewels and of my sister's intention to leave them to her son. I procured a copy of your inventory on the death of Frederick Hammond. The jewels were not included. The rest was simple. Ten years ago you were a man of moderate circumstances. Today, enriched by those stolen jewels, you are a man of wealth and renown. Relying on the fact that the boy knew nothing of them, you hoped to escape detection."

Colonel Hoffman rose and staggered to the table.

"Spare me!" he whispered. "Spare me! I will make restitution, I will"—

"Sit down," commanded the Russian. "I know all, even where the stones were disposed of, and what became of the malachite box. They were old family jewels, and they netted you the sum of nearly 200,000 rubles. I possess all the proofs of your guilt."

Colonel Hoffman threw himself into his chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Yes," continued the Russian, in the same cutting tones, "I hold in my hands your reputation, which I am told stands high in your American city. I can consign you to a felon's cell."

He paused impressively and then added: "But I have concluded to take no action. Your secret is safe with me."

Colonel Hoffman rose to his feet in surprise.

"Do you mean it?" he cried. "Can it be possible?"

"Be seated," added the Russian, and the colonel obeyed.

For a moment or two Vladimir Saradoff surveyed his victim with an inscrutable expression.

When he spoke again, his voice was unnaturally harsh.

"I will spare you," he said—"on one condition. In what light does young Hammond regard me—his uncle?"

"Unfavorably, I am sorry to say," stammered the colonel, with an effort. "You must be aware"—

"Yes," interrupted the Russian; "of course he believes that I treated his mother cruelly. His father taught him that. There was a time when I would gladly have given 100,000 rubles to lay my hands on Frederick Hammond. From the day that Anna Saradoff left Russia with that vile, scheming American she ceased to be a sister of mine."

With eyes flashing he waved his hand, studded with diamonds, before the colonel's countenance. Then his anger suddenly passed off, and his face assumed a crafty expression.

"M. Hoffman," he said abruptly, "do you know I have taken a fancy to that young nephew of mine? I did not forgive my sister, it is true, but I still think of her tenderly, and perhaps this boy resembles her. At all events, I

"Sit down!" commanded the Russian.

would like to see him. I would have him visit me. Now this is what you must do: Give him to understand that I am not the savage he has been taught to believe me. Tell him that you have seen me, that I spoke tenderly of his mother, of his father, that I am lonely amid the grandeur of my Russian home, and that I want him, for his mother's sake, to come to St. Petersburg. Do you understand?"

Vladimir Saradoff leaned forward on his chair and stared coolly in the face of the American.

Colonel Hoffman breathed hard and fast.

"Yes," said he, "I understand." And the double meaning of his reply was obvious to the Russian. Their eyes met, each conscious that the innermost secret of his soul stood revealed to the gaze of the other.

"Suppose I refuse?" remarked the colonel finally.

"Do so at your peril," said the other. "I will pursue you to the very limits of the law. I will hunt you to a felon's cell."

A period of silence followed.

Colonel Hoffman rose and walked to the window. The Russian drew a cigarette case from his pocket and began to smoke, confident of his victory.

Fearful indeed must have been the colonel's emotions as he stood looking vacantly down on the crowded boulevard. His crime had found him out.

Two alternatives confronted him, each equally terrible at first contemplation.

On the one side was long imprisonment, with loss of fortune, position, reputation, everything.

On the other was absolute immunity from punishment, a continued enjoyment of his ill gotten wealth without fear of detection, but to secure these benefits he must consent to be the passive actor in a crime so dreadful that he dared not frame it in words, for Vladimir Saradoff's demand admitted no misconstruction.

Ten minutes passed in silence, and then Colonel Hoffman moved back to his chair.

Every spark of color had fled from his face, and in its stead was only an ashen pallor.

"I am at your mercy," he groaned. "I must consent to your infamous proposition. You still refuse to allow me to make restitution?"

"Absolutely," replied Vladimir Saradoff. "You know my terms. You know also what you are expected to do. You will have no difficulty. Suggest to the lad that he take a continental tour before settling down. Let him start early in the spring and see that he comes to St. Petersburg. You have my address. Keep me posted by cablegram. I will attend to the rest.

"I intended sailing for America next week, but I saw your name in Galignani, and thus spared myself the trouble. And now, M. Hoffman, I shall bid you 'au revoir.' It pleases me to have made your acquaintance. We shall meet again, and should you ever come to St. Petersburg you may be sure of a hearty welcome."

Smiling pleasantly, the Russian flung his coat over his arm and picked up his cap.

Slightly touching the colonel's cold, irresponsive hand, he bowed low in the doorway and was gone.

Ten days later the New York papers announced that Colonel Hercules Hoffman, the well known broker and financier, had returned from a short trip abroad.

CHAPTER II.

ACROSS THE FRONTIER.

On a certain March morning of the year following the events related in the preceding chapter two young Americans left the office of the Russian consul general at Berlin, and an hour later were speeding as fast as steam could carry them toward the distant frontier of the Russian empire.

Maurice Hammond and Philip Danvers were the names registered on their passports, and while they are hastening toward St. Petersburg, enthusiastic and delighted at the prospect of soon seeing this frozen capital of the north, we will take the opportunity of briefly acquainting the reader with the circumstances necessary to an understanding of the strange and startling drama upon which the curtain is even now rising.

Twenty years before Frederick Hammond, a young American, an attache of the United States legation at St. Petersburg, met and fell in love with Anna Saradoff, a young Russian girl of wealth and position.

Such marriages are uncommon, but when Frederick Hammond returned to New York he took with him a Russian bride.

Anna Saradoff's only relative was her brother Vladimir, who, having other views for his sister, conceived a most intense hatred of this scheming American, as he chose to call him.

He never forgave his sister and professed from that time to regard her as one dead.

Mrs. Hammond in turn, well content with her husband's love, cut off all connection with her native land. Her Russian property was converted into American securities, and without a shadow of regret for the brilliance and magnificence she had voluntarily abandoned she entered upon the quieter occupations of her new life.

Five years later she died, leaving the one child, Maurice, at that time 4 years of age.

Six years later Frederick Hammond followed his wife, but in the meantime, imbittered by her loss, he taught his son to detest his Russian uncle, whose cruel treatment had probably hastened his sister's death.

Frederick Hammond had few intimate friends. To one of these, Colonel Hercules Hoffman, he intrusted the care of his son and his son's fortune.

Colonel Hoffman was at that time a man of honesty and integrity, honest because as yet he had not been tempted. That temptation came later in the form of the malachite box of jewels, and how Colonel Hoffman resisted a base temptation we have already seen.

Maurice Hammond can be described in a few words.

He had inherited the ardent temperament of his mother, his father's intellect and good looks.

At 19 he was tall, athletic, blond haired and ruddy cheeked. His life had been passed at preparatory schools and colleges, while in the vacations he usually traveled, for Colonel Hoffman was unmarried, and, moreover, a coolness, fostered probably by instinct, existed between guardian and ward.

When Colonel Hoffman returned from that trip abroad, Maurice was traveling in the west with his intimate friend and college chum, Philip Danvers.

For several months Colonel Hoffman was the most wretched man in New York.

That diplomatic interview at the Hotel Bristol, which has been described word for word, possessed a sinister meaning that he could not fail to interpret.

He never dared admit to himself that his suspicions were correct, but constantly before his mental vision hung that clause in the forgiving Anna Hammond's will. "In case my son Maurice die unmarried, the estate shall revert to my brother, Vladimir Saradoff of St. Petersburg."

The first sin oftimes paves a smooth pathway for the second.

What was the welfare of his ward compared to his own interests, his fortune, his position, his reputation?

In January Maurice Hammond came east with his friend and himself proposed a six months' continental tour.

The two boys having finished college, what was more natural than that they should wish to see the world?

Colonel Hoffman gladly acquiesced. With infinite finesse he pictured Uncle Vladimir as sorrowful, repentant, anxious to see his nephew for his sister's sake.

He cabled to St. Petersburg.

Three weeks later a letter came to Maurice Hammond, a warm invitation to visit the Russian capital before the approach of summer made it unpleasant.

The tempting prospects that the letter held out proved irresistible.

The two boys sailed from New York late in February and, contenting themselves with a brief stay in London and Paris, traveled by easy stages across the continent.

Vladimir Saradoff, at the time this story opens, had reached the age of 45 years.

The last member of an old and renowned Russian family, his brilliant birth, his political influence, and above all the favor of the czar, gave him a prestige at court and in St. Petersburg society that was surpassed by few. His education, acquired partly at home, partly in German universities, was lacking in nothing, and he possessed a fluent knowledge of English language and customs, the result of a diplomatic term of service at the Russian legation at London. In disposition he was crafty and revengeful.

His sister's marriage had been a severe shock to his pride.

He was absent in the Caucasus at the time it occurred. When he returned, she had already left Russia, and the vengeance which he meditated on the daring American was beyond his reach. The events of the past 20 years—the death of his sister and her husband and the fortune left to their child—had only added fuel to the flame of his wrath.

Today he hated Maurice Hammond as implacably as he had hated Frederick Hammond 20 years before.

Let us add one more fact.

Vladimir Saradoff had been all his life addicted to that especially Russian vice, gaming.

He was supposed to be wealthy.

He owned a palace on the Nevskoi Prospekt, a country seat in the north.

His expenses were enormous, but his income was reported to be fabulous. The truth was not even suspected. Slowly, but surely, Vladimir Saradoff's wealth had been slipping away over the gaming tables. A crisis was at hand. He realized that he must acquire a large sum of money or lose all that he held most dear—his prestige at court, his position in society and his ancestral heritage. He concentrated his thoughts on two objects, the attainment of a long deferred vengeance and the acquisition of the badly needed wealth.

At the vast frontier station of Wirballen, which they reached at midnight, cold and hungry, the boys obtained their first view of Russian life. Passports and baggage were overhauled, and then they were turned into the dreary waiting room with many other passengers.

There was little time for scrutiny or observation.

The Russian train rattled into the station, and almost before they knew it their passports, properly stamped, had been pressed into their hands, and the train was rattling noisily on into the night.

They were speeding over Russian soil now. Before them stretched the dominions of the czar, an empire that reached thousands and thousands of miles across Siberian wastes and deserts to the far-away Pacific coast.

Hour after hour the train rushed through the gloomy snow clad country, stopping at intervals at huge barnlike stations, and at last, late on the following evening, they knew that the end of the journey was near.

"I wonder what sort of a reception this aristocratic uncle of yours will give me, Maurice?" said Phil Danvers as he pulled a cap over his curly black hair and unfolded his big fur trimmed coat preparatory to putting it on. "Don't you think it was a rather cheeky performance to invite a guest on your own responsibility?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Phil," replied his companion. "He will be only too glad to receive a friend of mine. He had plenty of notice. I wrote to him from London, and then you know we telegraphed him from Berlin yesterday morning."

"Petersburg!" shouts the smartly uniformed conductor, and in an instant all is bustle and commotion as the train rolls into the vast station.

Maurice draws a long breath as he hurries from the car.

This is his mother's native city—the lovely, delicate woman whom he remembered so faintly.

A tall man in heavy cloak and astrakhan cap suddenly confronts him.

"M. Hammond?" he says inquiringly in plain English.

Maurice nods his head, not knowing whether to hold out his hand or not.

The next word reassures him.

"The carriage waits," says the man, with a servile bow, and taking the boys' luggage he motions them to follow him through the crowd.

A huge sleigh is waiting. The boys and their strange guide occupy the spacious seat and pull the rugs closely around them.

The driver perched in front seizes the lines, and presently they are gliding through the streets of St. Petersburg.

A light fall of snow is coming down, and in the lamplight the houses, the people and the vehicles are seen as through a yellow fog.

It seems a cheerless reception to the two young travelers.

Not a word is spoken during the half hour's ride. The grim visaged man with the astrakhan cap sits between them.

At length the sleigh halts before a huge palatial building. Their guide leads them up a broad flight of steps, massive doors are flung open, revealing a soft light within, and they are ushered into a spacious apartment. Maurice has barely time to observe the rich furniture, the tapestries, the paintings and the rugs, when a tall, fine looking gentleman in evening dress comes quickly forward.

"My dear nephew," he exclaims as he takes him by the hand. "Yes, your mother's face, her very features. But how did you endure the long journey? You must be terribly fatigued."

He extends a warm welcome to Phil, and presently Maurice concludes that he was utterly mistaken in his previous estimation of Vladimir Saradoff.

They dined informally in a large apartment that was a marvel of luxury with its gilded decorations, and then Vladimir Saradoff led the way back to the library.

"My dear Maurice," he began abruptly, "an unfortunate thing has happened. Urgent business demands my presence in Moscow. I am compelled to forego the pleasure of showing you our city in person. I shall start by an early train and will be absent two or three days. What I would suggest to you is this: Remain here tomorrow and look around St. Petersburg under Ivan's guidance. Ivan Tambor is my trusted servant who met you at the train tonight. He has always accompanied me and speaks good English. Then on the following day he will escort you to Moscow, and there I shall devote myself to your pleasure. There is much to be seen at Moscow."

The boys expressed themselves as delighted with this arrangement.

"Meanwhile," continued their host, "you will find everything here arranged for your comfort. Ivan will see that

He seized paper and pen and began to write.

nothing is neglected. And now I observe that you are weary and in need of rest. Pardon my thoughtlessness."

He rang for a servant, and the boys were speedily ushered to another floor, where luxurious bedrooms, not unlike apartments they had seen at home, awaited them.

Vladimir Saradoff, alone in his library, paced the floor with an ill concealed expression of triumph on his features.

At last, seating himself at a large ebony desk, he seized paper and pen and began to write rapidly. The first letter completed, he sealed and stamped it with colored wax and addressed it to "Count Paul Brosky, Minister of the Interior."

He at once resumed his writing, and on finishing a second letter, half an hour later, he sealed that in the same manner and addressed it to "Captain Sasha, Commandant of the Forwarding Prison, Moscow."

He pulled a bellcord, and Ivan Tambor speedily entered the room.

Vladimir Saradoff handed him the letters.

"Deliver this one immediately," he said, designating the letter first written. "Let the other go by the early mail. You understand everything, Ivan?"

"Yes, your excellency," replied the Russian. "Nothing shall be forgotten." And saluting his master he left the apartment.

Overhead, in the soft, luxurious beds, the two boys slept calmly, little dreaming of their host's perfidy, unconscious of the fatal import of those two letters that were even now speeding to their respective destinations.

In Russia deeds are possible that no other country on the globe would tolerate.

With his wealth, his standing at court, his influence with high officials, what could not Vladimir Saradoff accomplish if he willed?

In the dark days of Ivan the Terrible no viler deed was ever conceived than this aristocratic Russian so coolly perpetrated that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Will Learn.

Jabsley—These novelists make me tired. The idea of a "withering glance!" As if any one could be withered by a mere look.

Wickwire—You are young yet, Jabsley. You never stepped on your wife's train at a ball."—Pearson's Weekly.

Pertinent Questions.

Why Will a Woman Throw Away Her Good Looks and Comfort?

Why will a woman drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence and miss three-quarters of the joy of living, when she has health almost within her grasp? If she does not value her good looks, does she not value her comfort?

Why, my sister, will you suffer that dull pain in the small of your back, those bearing-down, dragging sensations in the loins, that terrible fullness in the lower bowel, caused by constipation proceeding from the womb lying over and pressing on the rectum? Do you know that these are signs of displacement, and that you will never be well while that lasts?

What a woman needs who is thus affected is to strengthen the ligaments so they will keep her organs in place. There is nothing better for this purpose than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The great volume of testimony which is constantly rolling in, proves that the Compound is constantly curing thousands of just such cases.

The following letter from Mrs. Marlow is only one of many thousands which Mrs. Pinkham has received this year from those she has relieved—surely such testimony is convincing:

"My trouble commenced after the birth of my last child. I did not know what was the matter with me. My husband went to our family physician and described my symptoms, and he said I had displacement and falling of the womb. He sent me some medicine, but it did little good. I let it go on about two years, and every time I did any hard work my womb would come down. Finally a lady friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did. The first bottle helped me so much, I continued to take it right along. My back was almost the same as no back. I could not lift scarcely any weight. My life was just a drag to me. To-day I am well of my womb trouble, and have a good, strong back, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. L. Marlow, Milford, Ill.

COUNTING APPLE SEEDS.

Beside the hearth one winter night,
Made rosy by the great log's light,
That, flaming up the chimney dark,
Hit every cranny, every nook,
Upon the rug a little maid
Sat curled in pose demure and staid.

In pensive mood, with dreamy eyes,
She sits, while up the chimney flies
A thought with every fiery spark,
Glinting and flashing through the dark,
Till with a sigh profound and deep
She moves as one moves in her sleep.

A rosy apple in her hand
A weight of thought seems to demand.
She taps it with a finger light,
Then carefully she takes a bite,
Another bite, now one, now two.
The core is thus exposed to view.

Another sigh! What can it be,
My little maid, that aileth thee?
Ah! What is this? Some incantation,
Muttered with such reiteration?
Hark! As each seed her bright eyes see
These are the words that come to me:

"One I love, two I love,
Three I love, I say!
Four I love with all my heart,
Five I cast away."

Here a tear rolls brightly down.
What the secret she has won?
Who can say? But just behind
Sounds a voice so soft and kind:
"Look again! Thou must indeed
Find for me another seed!"

Rosier her bright cheeks grow
In the firelight's ruddy glow.
Sure enough, a culprit seed
Finds she in the core indeed.
"From thy lips I fain would hear
What the sixth one means, my dear."

"Six he loves," she murmured low.
And the firelight's flickering glow
Two happy faces now disclose,
With cheeks a-glowing like the rose.
But here we'll let the curtain fall,
For the end is best of all.

—Sacramento Union.

Henry Drummond's Humor

A feature of Professor Drummond's character which has been missed by most who have given an estimate of the man was his humor. He had the "grand manner" and a stately gravity which kept outsiders from seeing the playful side of his nature. This also had its origin in the simplicity which was the keynote of all his character. He was fond of little practical jokes and could hoax his friends to perfection. Almost the last time I saw him was at a dinner to which we had been invited to meet a London celebrity who was to address a meeting after dinner. Drummond came over to me and whispered, "Do you want to go to this meeting?" I shook my head a little sadly, feeling that there was no help for it, and he said, with a touch of mischief in his eye, "We'll run." We took an opportunity when everybody was attending to the celebrity to slip out and went along to his house with the glee of two schoolboys playing truant. He enjoyed the escape hugely and looked upon it as a practical joke that we had got the celebrity's honey without his sting.

All his intimate friends could testify to his capacity for fun, and with children there was nobody else in the house worth considering when Henry Drummond was in it. He would lower the lights and tell ghost stories with a comical denouement that was irresistibly funny. He would gravely propound a problem and make you puzzle it out, only to find it was a hoax. At the very last, when he could hardly speak, he would try to keep up his friends' spirits by taking them in with some amusing conundrum. In the days of his power, after every visit to America and Australia he came home with delightful stories that went the rounds as Drummond's latest. This characteristic of humor was part of the instinctive joy of living which beamed in his very face. He had so many interests, artistic, scientific and social, and he lived in such a sweet atmosphere of faith, that life was to him very good.—Woman at Home.

Worked Both Ways.

"It must have cost you a great deal to provide all these comforts for your employees," said the friend who had been looking through the reading rooms and gymnasium attached to the factory.

"It does cost a little," admitted the manager, "but, you see, we pay 'em such low wages that the factory is really a better place than home. That makes 'em contented to stay."—Exchange.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 7, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Chas. Frohman's Company in "Never Again."

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—"Il Trovatore."

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE,
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"His French Doll."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else to'erate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE IRISH NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION.

The Irish Nationalists of Chicago will rally in their thousands to Ogden Grove on Saturday, Aug. 14, to commemorate the victories of Ireland, to sorrow for her defeats and to hope for her future. Although her heroic age would seem to have passed away, she has much to remember with pride. The deeds of her great soldier princes, Hugh O'Neill and Hugh O'Donnell, have never received fitting recognition either from Ireland herself or the outside world. Indeed, their greatest memorial is to be found in the published state papers of England, which ruefully acknowledge their prowess. Scotland has been much more fortunate than Ireland in the general recognition of her heroes. Jane Porter, Walter Scott, Robert Burns, and, we may add, James Grant, have given her martial chiefs a world-wide reputation. Nor does that reputation spring from victory alone. Wallace, who shines in song and story equally with Bruce, was defeated eventually, made prisoner and ignominously executed in London Tower, by the order of that brutal tyrant, Edward I. Wallace and Bruce never made a braver struggle for Scotch liberty than did O'Neill and O'Donnell for the freedom of Ireland. But our greatest Irishmen, in the broadly intellectual, literary sense, never uttered a sentiment or wrote a line to show that these Irish Paladins ever existed. Neither Goldsmith, nor Burke, nor Sheridan, nor Grattan, nor Leyer, nor Griffin did aught to rescue their names from oblivion. If they are remembered at all we can thank John Mitchel, Thomas Davis, the Rev. C. P. Meehan and other Young Ireland writers for it. Therefore, the celebration of the victories of the Yellow Ford and the Curlew Mountains at Ogden Grove on Saturday, Aug. 14 (the 15th falling on Sunday this year), is a good and wholesome thought on the part of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago and Cook county, and should be more generally imitated. In addition to the usual amusements and athletic exercises, the speaking will be of unusual interest, as the orators will be the Hon. Daniel E. McGlynn and the Hon. James M. Graham, of Illinois, and the Rev. Dr. George W. Pepper, of Ohio. The Grove should be packed with the sons and daughters of Ireland, and their American descendants, on this occasion.

THE late William Cox, distinguished as a choir singer, and for several years cashier of the Chicago National Bank, was, by birth, an Englishman, but, early in life, married an Irish lady of this city. He was remarkably reticent and would sit a whole evening in company without uttering a word. When asked to sing he would generally respond with "Nancy Lee"—always acceptably. His association with Irish-Americans was of a cordial character, but he was sometimes necessitated to hear his native country roundly abused for her treatment of Ireland. He never made reply, except upon one occasion when a friend asked him, playfully, why he didn't stand up for his country. "She is well able to stand up for herself!" was William's succinct answer, and the subject was not resumed. Mr. Cox was very much liked, and his death is greatly regretted.

ENGLISH RADICALS VS. PAT WETTIN

The old Frau-Queen of England, said by some slobbering idiots who, as Horace Greeley would say, are permitted to edit far too large a number of American newspapers, "never to interfere with the wishes of her subjects," has been openly and notoriously intriguing, of late, to get her hopeful son, Pat Wettin, otherwise the Duke of Connaught, made commander-in-chief of the British army, vice Wolseley, who now holds that onerous position. Her son Pat, if he were left to his own resources, might have made a creditable soldier, but, hampered by the maternal affection of the old Frau, his mother, he has been made a holy show of in the army. At Tel-el-Kebir he wished, strange to say, to lead a charge of the Household Brigade, of which he was general, but Wolseley, his superior, had his orders from the old woman and poor Pat was compelled to go to the rear amid the jeers and jibes of the whole outfit. The English Radicals are "death down" on Prince Pat, and Reynolds' Newspaper, of recent date, has the following to say about Victoria's project:

"The Duke of Cambridge long reigned as commander-in-chief of the British army amid the contemptuous laughter of the nation. The Tory government are now seeking to perpetuate one of the most abominable jobs on record. There is an obscure, incompetent, carpet soldier, who ran away from the military parade in Egypt when poor Arabi Pasha, struggling for his country's freedom, was crushed by English arms at the bidding of the financiers, and at the expense of the nation. He is a son of the queen, and is called the Duke of Connaught. This person, utterly unknown to the nation, it is proposed to job into the position of commander-in-chief. The degenerate English race in these days seem prepared to stand anything, and if this gross job is perpetrated, they will become contemptible in the eyes of the whole world.

"Sir Redvers Buller is about to retire from the position of adjutant-general, that being the second highest military office in the state, and the stepping-stone to the command in chief. The Tory government, whom an ignorant people have placed in power, propose to put this feather-bed warrior in his place. It is to be remembered that one of the greatest scandals of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's record at the war office as Liberal minister was his appointment of the Duke of Connaught to the command at Aldershot, instead of the gallant and brilliant soldier Lord Roberts. Bannerman is a Whig, and we dislike and distrust the Whigs, even more than we dislike the Tories. Sir Evelyn Wood is, undoubtedly, the man for the most important post of adjutant-general. Both the army and navy in the higher departments are arenas of folly and corruption, intrigue and influence. Our fighting forces are the most costly in the world, and we get the least return for our money.

"The queen, of course, must be a party to this royal jobbery. Did she not insist upon the foreign Battenberg obtaing posts of importance in the British army? Did she not encourage the Duke of Cambridge to resist being retired, many years after able soldiers, not duffers, like the late commander-in-chief, were forced to resign? Has she not just conferred a baton as admiral of the fleet on a foreign prince, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg? And now, scouting constitutional principles, she desires to place the army under the directorship of a nincompoop, her relative. The nation slavishly stands a great deal. Will they tolerate this latest proposed outrage?"

They will, Friend Reynolds, and very much more. The iron of flunkeyism has not alone rusted itself into the souls, but also into the blood, of a majority of the English race, and so much is this the fact that so-called Americans of unalloyed English descent in this country—fortunately they are but a minority—inherit to the full the slavish tendency of their ancestors. There are, perhaps, a million people in America who would gladly hail the advent of an English prince whose mission might be to rule over the United States as king or viceroy. Some have fallen so low that they would preserve, in costly bottles, the very dirty water in which he might condescend to wash his royal hands, or any other portion of his anatomy that might need lavatorial attention. This was done by a certain class of flunkeys when the Prince of Wales visited America, in 1860, and, no doubt it would be done again. Superstition is so deeply ingrained in English nature that it must worship everything but the true God. It has worshipped Zernebock, and Wodin and Thor; and whenever a king came to curse the nation, it has consistently turned its back on the Creator. It worshipped the worst of the Plantagenets, the vilest of the Tudors and the most depraved of the Stuarts. It tolerated the filthy Guelphs and their painted courtesans. It revelled in the orgies of the infamous George, Prince Regent, and made excuses for the rotten bigotry of the Duke of York, and the disgusting idiocy of William IV.—a vulgar old man, who delighted in military tailoring, and making an unspeakable exhibition of himself at military reviews. The present queen's father, the Duke of Kent, was never successfully accused of having possessed a spark of intellect; and the queen herself, although shrewd in matters concerning the family, is commonplace to the last degree. But the English worship her, with comparatively few exceptions, as if she were a goddess. Therefore, we assert, English flunkeyism is an incurable malady.

TENNESSEE'S COMING IRISH DAY.

Following are the officers and standing committees of the Irish-American Centennial Association of Tennessee, who have charge of the preparations for Irish Day, to be celebrated in Nashville on September 21: Thomas W. Wrenne, President; Dr. J. M. Coyle, 1st Vice-President; Christopher Power, 2nd Vice-President; M. M. Trecy, 3rd Vice-President; J. L. Driscol, General Secretary; E. B. Martin and P. F. Cleary, Jr., Assistant Secretaries; M. McCormack, Jr., Financial Secretary; H. J. Grimes, Treasurer.

The following gentlemen were appointed sub-committees to organize the movement in their respective sections of the city of Nashville:

South Nashville, T. J. Slowey, James Mulloy, P. G. Breen, Jr., M. Nestor, James L. Glenn, Nicholas Breen, P. J. Flanigan, James Ryan, Eugene Lynch, O. J. Timothy, M. Thomas, Thomas J. Foley, Thomas Farrell, M. J. Martin, Jerry Sullivan, John Coughlin, Sr., P. G. Breen, Sr. West Nashville, John P. Dougherty, P. Cleary, Sr., Herbert McSweeney, L. J. Hardiman, E. F. Nenon, James Byrne, M. J. Smith, John Gilgan, John Keegan, Martin Hynes, O. A. Glennon, James Campion, T. J. Clunan, James Cullen, M. J. Condon, J. W. Johnson, P. H. Cain, Thomas Ryan, W. A. Kelly, John Burns, Joseph Connor, Patrick Walsh. Centre, James Killeles, J. C. Mulvehill, C. P. Hogan, Edward Fahey, John Burns, F. B. McDonald, Edward Greeley, T. J. Mooney, Edward Landers, Martin Kane, John B. Kean, T. P. Brady, John Cooney, M. Baine, James Healey. North Nashville, Frank Fitzwilliams, W. Broderick, W. T. Smith, James R. Montgomery, M. Dawson, Charles P. Murphy, John L. Kean, John Quinn, J. C. Parnell, John S. Cain, Martin Dalton, J. D. Parnell. East Nashville, M. J. Laffey, D. H. Barr, Charles Morrow, Edward H. Olwill, Matt Hanley, Barney Sullivan, James Carney, William Reilly, M. T. Bryan, James McLaughlin, J. Connelly, T. V. Daly, Thomas Johnson, Patrick Carney, William Varley, Thomas Grady, Thomas Donahue.

HONEST AMERICAN OPINION.

It is refreshing to read once in a while—we are sorry to have to say at long intervals—an honest expression of American editorial opinion in regard to England. The Cleveland, O., Leader of July 22, under the heading "Why Americans Don't Revere England," says:

"The Premier of Canada, Sir Wilfred Laurier, in his speech at the Hotel Cecil, in London, on Dominion day, declared that he had found in England a belief on the part of the English people that Americans were unfriendly to them. Sir Wilfred then attempted to show that while there had been friction between England and America, and America was almost wholly to blame for it, yet at this time 'I would say without any hesitation at all that the sentiment which prevails among the American nation is a sentiment of affection and of reverence.'

"The temper of Sir Wilfred was admirable and his spirit most gracious, but we are free to say that he does not understand the American people. There is no reverence here so far as we know for Great Britain, and very little affection. The British Empire is an isolated nation, and in no country of the world is that empire held in reverence or affection. The reason for this is known to all men.

"Sir Wilfred was candid enough to say: 'As we know in our own generation, there was a civil war in America—a civil war waged, I am sure, in the minds of all men today, for as noble a cause as ever excited men to fight—for the abolition of slavery; yet it is a matter of history, strange as it may seem to us in these days, that at that period the sympathies of the civilized world were not inclined on the side of the cause of freedom. If I may be permitted to speak my own mind—and I do so because what I state here I have often stated in my own country, and I do not know how to flatter—I have always said in Canada that the attitude maintained by England and by Canada was neither worthy of Canada nor of England at that time.'

"This is exactly true. For years Englishmen had been thundering against the cruelties and iniquities of slavery, and yet English sympathy and English money were given freely to the Southern Confederacy. Even the cartridges used in rebel muskets were made in England. The English people, in the meantime, impatiently awaited the triumph of the South.

"Every man in America understands that Englishmen were arrayed against the North and the abolition of slavery because Southern planters sent their products to England and traded them for British manufactures. English conscience was stifled by the English love of gain. England helped the South for the very same reason that caused it to introduce opium into China and for the very same reason that it now participates in the slave trade of Africa.

"In due time, the South having been whipped, England joined the free trade party in America. This country, it argued, for the glory of Englishman and for their profit, should be wholly agricultural. America was to produce farm products and sell them where it could, but was to buy all of its manufactures of Great Britain. This glowing English scheme wouldn't work, however, and the result has been friction between the nations, precisely as Sir Wilfred sets forth.

"England is despised the world over. It is despised because of its greed and its utter need of conscience. While it flouts other peoples for their lack of virtue it is selling opium to the Chinese and rum to the heathens and is chasing down slaves and returning them to their masters wholly in the interest of its own money grubbers.

"Sir Wilfred Laurier was half right and half wrong."

ANDREW JACKSON ON ENGLISH DICTATION.

The idiots who believe in the "Scotch-Irish" fallacy have frequently referred to Andrew Jackson as "one of their kind." As a matter of fact, he was a thoroughgoing American, of Irish parentage, and he carried hatred and distrust of England with him to the grave. The Little Rock, Ark., Gazette has resurrected a letter from "Old Hickory," dated The Hermitage, Tenn., July 8, 1844, addressed to Capt. William Russell, of Franklin county, Ark., in the course of which the old hero said:

"It is true we have been cursed with whigery in Tennessee for several years—led into it by two of the most arch hypocrites—Bell and E. H. Foster—the world was ever cursed with. But since the Democratic convention at Baltimore nominated Polk for president, and Dallas for vice, the Democracy is reunited—gathering strength from the whigs, who are abandoning Clay daily, and next November will bury whigery in Tennessee, and over the whole United States; and federal whigery will be buried, I trust, forever.

"The exciting question between the Democrats and Federal Whigs and Abolitionists, is the annexation of Texas. The Democrats viewing it as absolutely necessary to annex Texas to the United States, to shut out all British and foreign influence from tampering with the Indians on our western frontier, and with our slaves in the South and West. Clay with his federal whigs and abolitionists are for shutting the door against annexation of Texas, fearful of offending England, and Clay to get the abolition votes—notwithstanding Texas is all-important to our national defense and safety. How humiliating to every true American; the idea of America, a great and independent nation, as we are, to be overawed by the dictates of England. But Texas must and will be ours. I think Polk and Dallas will get twenty out of the twenty-six states. I must close with the request that you tender my kindest wishes to your amiable wife and all your dear children, and all the Beaus, and to you and them long lives and a happy immortality, when I hope to meet you.

Your friend sincerely,
ANDREW JACKSON."

We are not prepared to indorse all that "Old Hickory" said in reference to Clay and others, but we do most heartily agree with him in his aversion to English dictation, and, unfortunately, history has frequently repeated itself in the matter of the subserviency of our diplomats to England since Jackson's time. The ambassadors, or ministers, of that day could hardly have exceeded those of our own in Anglomanical self-abasement.

LITTLE GEORGIE'S VISIT TO IRELAND

It is plain from certain "inspired" statements in the press that the Irish minority, composed mainly of Orangemen, peelers, parsons and flunkeys, will attempt to convert the prospective visit of the Duke of York and his "official wife" to Ireland into "a great demonstration of loyalty." The following was cabled from London to the American daily papers on Monday:

"The lord chamberlain with the cooperation of the lord-lieutenant of Ireland has completed the programme for the official visit to Ireland shortly of the Duke of York, heir presumptive to the throne, who will be accompanied by the Duchess of York and a large retinue. There is to be a semi-state entry into Dublin, and a semi-official day at the horse show. The visit will last three weeks, ten days of which will be spent in Dublin.

"Since Queen Victoria's last visit to the Lakes of Killarney, thirty-six years ago, Ireland has been afforded no opportunity of demonstrating her loyalty to the throne save during the brief visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the seventies. There have been serious misgivings among the royal family as to the nature of the reception that may be in store for the heir presumptive and his spouse, but reports from different parts of Ireland say that the Nationalists will not attempt any opposition demonstrations, and that the reception of their royal highnesses will without question be a very cordial one."

The Irish Nationalists, when the matter of this "royal visit" was first mooted gave it out, to be plainly understood by the British government, that, so long as no attempt was made to exploit York's visit by the "loyalists" there would be no interference on their part. If, however, any such attempt were made, the Nationalists of Ireland would take good care that there should be counter-demonstrations, of an unmistakable character, throughout the country. The Irish Daily Independent says in this connection:

"The Duke of York will land at Kingstown on Aug. 18. This branch of royalty who, if he lives, will reign over England as George V., will spend some ten days in the Irish capital, and will then travel about the country. We wish him a jolly time of it; but it will be a terrible mistake if hunters of baronetcies and grubbers of knighthoods attempt to convert this royal visit into a party display.

"Ireland's welcome to the stranger has been the theme of song and story—and royalty is a stranger to us, sure enough. Although we would gladly speak words of greeting to young York, yet to allow every English newspaper to misunderstand a faked reception, and to parade the courtesy of our people as a national manifestation of passionate clinging to the blessed Union would be a supreme mistake. The idiotic course pursued by the London Times when the Prince of Wales visited Ireland many years back, its jubilations over the bubbling loyalty of the Irish nation, caused many a black flag to be hung out and inspired many a Dead March in Saul."

BLUE BLOOD OF THE O'RYANS.

The Cadwaladers of Philadelphia have been putting on airs to the Ryans of the same burg, because a stale member of the former family married recently a blooming damsel of the latter, who is charged by the female Cadwaladers with the heinous crime of having earned an honest living as a household servant. The chivalrous J. D. O'Connell, Washington, D. C., whose knowledge of Irish pedigrees almost equals that of the late Sir Bernard Burke, or the living John O'Hart, breaks a lance for the blushing bride of the mature Cadwalader in the New York Sun of July 23 thus:

"Undue prominence has been given to the marriage of Dr. Charles Cadwalader of Philadelphia to Miss Bridget Mary Ryan of that city. When a gallant gentleman, in the prime of life, falls in love with a respectable and charming young woman, and marries her, is it such a remarkable event as to require such marked publicity? Or is it because, in this case, the young woman's maiden name was Bridget Mary Ryan that the press announced her marriage to Dr. Calwalader with such scare-head captions?

"Surely a Cadwalader, even if he were a direct lineal desbendant of the British battle-arranger, is not unsuitably mated when his wife can claim at least as high and distinguished a lineage as his own!

"English surnames indicate, as a general rule, nothing more than that an ancestor, not very remote, was a 'Jack,' or a 'John,' or a 'Tom,' or a son of Jack, John, Tom, etc.; or that he followed a trade or handicraft—e. g., Smith, Taylor, Tyler, Butcher, Baker, Barber, Cook, Sheppard, Howard, etc. On the other hand Celtic surnames always indicate descent in the male line from clans or septs of common blood—all of the clansmen being equal in degree as to social status, eligibility for chieftainship and landed possessions, quite as much so as in the Roman system, where a Gentile name was always proof of gentility of birth. Therefore, to this day in Ireland a Gentile name is proof of ancient pedigree and gentle blood, albeit the latter has doubtless been contaminated with so-called Anglo-Norman and 'Anglo-Saxon' infusions.

Now in Celtic genealogy no sept or clan was more distinguished than the O'Ryans—Ryans. Traditionally, they were descended from Milesius, King of Spain, through the line of Heremon, eighth son of that monarch. The founder of the family was Fiachd Baiceda, son of Cathire More, King of Ireland, A. D., 144. The chiefs of the Ryan sept or clan were styled Lords of Idrone and Owney. The O'Ryans of Tipperary also possessed the barony of Owneybeg in the county of Limerick. The O'Ryans of Leinster are the descendants of Cahir More, who was King of Leinster in the beginning of the second century, and number eighty-nine in descent on the line of Heremon. Cormace brother of Eoghan (or Owen), who was number ninety-seven on the MacMorough pedigree, was the ancestor of O'Reghen, anglicized Mulrian, O'Ryan, Ryan and Ryne. A branch of the O'Ryans were Princes of Hy-Drone (Idrone) in the country of Catherlo, and were the stock of the Ryans who had extensive possessions in Tipperary, where the present Mrs. Charles Cadwalader was born, and her children will be entitled to bear the O'Ryan coat of arms and crest, as follows:

Arms—Gu. three griffin's heads earsed ar.

Crest—A griffin segreant gu. holding in the sinister claw a dagger pp.

"Historically, the territory of the O'Ryans was subjected to the intrusion of the Anglo-Normans almost from the landing of the latter in Ireland. It was after a conflict with O'Ryan, Lord of Hy-Drone, that Strongbow slew his own son for having deserted his post during the battle.

"The O'Ryans have contributed to Irish history many warriors, bards and learned men. Therefore when a Cadwalader and a Ryan intermarry it becomes a union of two good thoroughly Celtic names, indicative of high lineage and clean blood, and the only thing alien to that ancient blood is the baptismal name of the bride, 'Bridget.' If Miss Ryan had ever had any desire to claim Norman lineage, she could have established it in the customary way, by showing that the name 'Bridget' came into Ireland with the Normans, that it was a very honorable Christian name in England up to the time when Cromwell gave it in baptism to his beloved eldest daughter Bridget, who afterward became Lady Deputy of Ireland, as Mrs. Gen. Ireton and Mrs. Lord Deputy Fleetwood, which, I think, was a sufficient reason why the Irish should have ever afterward discarded that English form of the name and returned to its more euphonious British form of 'Breda.'

"Surely the publicity given to this marriage is not due to the fact that Miss Ryan was an inmate of Dr. Cadwalader's family as a domestic. Was not such a position in a prominent Philadelphia family much more desirable for a modest young woman than one in a public store or office? I say in a prominent family because such families are generally composed of refined people, who treat their employes with respect and consideration, and give them such compensation as enables them to live comfortably and respectably—which is not always the case in other employments where young women have to seek a livelihood.

"Some short time ago I noticed in the newspapers that a movement was on foot in London, under the patronage of titled dames, to encourage young ladies who were compelled to earn a living for themselves to accept employment in the better-class families as domestic servants rather than follow the old custom of living out as governesses or as shop girls. I think it is only in the snobbish and coarse families in this country that the position of a domestic servant is one of degradation. All refined families treat their servants with consideration and respect, because they well know that a few generations ago their grandmothers did their own work and were not ashamed of it, and that it was not an uncommon thing for a respectable American girl, who held herself as high as anybody else in the country, to live out in a neighboring family for domestic work, and to marry her employer, or his son, when he could win her consent. In the shoddy aristocracy of the present day this good old American custom is looked upon with scorn; but it is safe to say that the ancestors of these shoddyites came from the humbler walks of life, where manual labor was the foundation of their fortunes. Happily for the country this class represents a very small percentage of the American people. In New England, and in many parts of the Middle States, especially in the rural districts, and in the great Northwest no American girl is ashamed to live out in a neighboring family as a 'help,' and she does not lose caste by doing so. For my own part I honor all respectable youug girls who have the courage to earn a living in that way, and all the more as they generally do it for the purpose of aiding dependent members of their own families. This is certainly the rule with young Irish girls who come to this country, believing that honest labor is regarded in America as honorable among all classes of people. The highest families of the English nobility are glad to form alliances with the daughters and granddaughters of our American millionaires, the foundations of whose fortunes were laid by humble laboring men, whose wives and daughters never regarded domestic service as menial or un-American.

"Dr. Cadwalader, I congratulate you on your happy selection of a wife, and to your charming bride I tender my sincere felicitations."

POPULAR EDITION OF MR. FINERTY'S "WARPATH AMD BIVOUAC."

The business department of the THE CITIZEN desires to call attention to the advertisement of "Warpath and Bivouac," Mr. Finerty's personal narrative of the stirring Sioux wars in which Custer, and other gallant officers, fell victims to the warlike savages of the plains. This work is now offered at a popular price, and orders for it should come in rapidly. No volume has been received more favorably by the American and even the British press, and it certainly deals with a most momentous and adventurous period of our bloody frontier history. The price is only a dollar and a quarter for this popular edition of a most interesting book. Those who have not already purchased "Warpath and Bivouac" should send their orders to this office without delay.

THE Rev. Father O'Brien, assistant pastor of St. James parish, has been appointed pastor of St. Sylvester's, vice Rev. Father Agnew deceased. Father O'Brien is a young and vigorous priest, greatly distinguished for his zeal and charity.

THE gallant fire chief of Chicago, Marshal Dennis J. Swenie, celebrated his 63d birthday last week. We wish him many returns, for assuredly, as a brave and faithful public servant, who has fought fire for more than forty years, Dennis J. Swenie is a credit to Scotland, the land of his birth; to Ireland, the land of his ancestors, and to America, the land of his adoption. He is entitled to quarter upon his stainless shield the Thistle, the Shamrock and the Golden Rod.

THE Chicago Knights of St. Patrick gave a successful excursion to Lake Geneva, Wis., last week. The day and the occasion were alike delightful.

WE are pained to notice that some of our pious, but not God fearing, contemporaries appropriate whole pages of Irish history, without acknowledgment, from McGeoghegan, Haverty, McGee, Mitchel, Davis, O'Connor, O'Callaghan or Sullivan.

HIS Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, celebrated his 63d birthday in Baltimore last week. He received hundreds of telegrams and thousands of letters, not to mention personal calls, congratulating him on the happy event.

JAPAN announces her willingness to arbitrate with Hawaii, but first wants to know what she is going to arbitrate about. Ingenuous Japan!

SOME of our American daily editors are now crying out that, since gold has been discovered in Alaska, the Canucks have "moved the frontier" so as to embrace "the diggins." Of course they have, but what are we going to do about it? Is it to be another "54-40 or fight" and then a backdown by our Uncle Sam?

THE devil is, no doubt, the Father of lies; but the cable man, especially in the matter of war scares, would be an excellent substitute for Satan, if the latter should decide to go out of business.

GEN. MILES has just finished inspecting the British army, and is now going to overhaul the Russians and the French. If he is going to experiment on the Russian oil cake, which is served out as a ration to the warriors of that army, the general had better swallow a dynamite pill to enable him to digest it. The Russian oil cake, in addition to its other delicate attractions, is filled with long straws, and it has, probably, killed more Muscovites than all the bullets of the enemy.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14.

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1598. 1897.

LAMH DEARG ABUAHD!

22D IRISH
National Demonstration,

Under the Auspices of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County, at

OGDEN'S GROVE
ON
SATURDAY, AUG. 14,

Being the 299th Anniversary of the Victory of the Yellow Ford and the 298th of that of Curlew Mountains!

The Demonstration will be held on Saturday, August 14, for the reason that August 15 falls on Sunday.

Chairman Afternoon Meeting, P. B. FLANAGAN.
Speakers, HON. DANIEL E. MCGLYNN, of East St. Louis; HON. JAMES M. GRAHAM, of Springfield, Ill.
Reading of Address, HON. JAMES MAHER.
Chairman Evening Meeting, WILLIAM H. JOYCE.
Speaker, REV. DR. GEORGE W. PEPPER, of Cleveland, O.

TICKETS - 50 CTS

Sold Only at the Entrance to the Grove.

JOHN T. KEATING, President. J. A. LONG, Vice-President.
JOHN ROCHE, Treasurer. F. J. CONROY and A. DONOGHUE, Secretaries.

D. O'CONNOR, J. J. GUBBINS, JAMES C. STRAIN, Trustees.

Take Clybourn avenue or North Halsted street Cars.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14.

Saturday, August 14.

THE gallant Seventh regiment, I. N. G., in camp at Springfield under the command of Col. Marcus Kavanaugh, is winning peaceful laurels by its creditable drilling and good practice at the rifle range. Col. Kavanaugh is a practical soldier, and all his officers and men have successfully tested "the emergency ration" which greatly saves time in cooking on an active campaign.

THE publication of alleged hitherto suppressed letters of Napoleon I. make that hero neither greater nor less than man. He was full of human faults, but what a mind! Nothing was too magnificent or too mean for its analysis. As for the little editors who severely criticise the immortal Corsican, we say to them, in the language of Napoleon to his weak brother, Louis, King of Holland, "Pardieu! don't make yourselves too ridiculous!"

REYNOLDS' Irish correspondent, date of July 17, says: "It may not be much consolation to the unfortunate 'Papists' whose lives and property were endangered, but it certainly does count for a good deal to find the Rev. Dr. Kane, county grand master, and one of the most notorious fire-eaters of our time, publicly denouncing in unmeasured terms the deeds of violence recently perpetrated in the streets of Belfast by the more ignorant kind of Orangemen. If the more responsible Protestants of the place were to follow Dr. Kane's example and openly protest against these outrages, the northern capital might in time begin to show some semblance of civilization so far as these pitiable specimens of humanity are concerned. It is to the honor of the Catholic South that there is no instance of molestation with the Protestant minority."

"THOUGH little seems to be known in the outside world of the unhappy islanders of Inniskea, Ireland," says an English exchange, of July 24, "whose humble homes are now being made desolate by famine and fever, yet they are a most interesting community. It is rarely that a man of less stature than 5 feet 4½ inches is to be found on North or South Inniskea. They are a hardy, athletic, comely race of peasantry, but the hardships of their lives soon tell upon both sexes, and they age rapidly. The men earn a scanty and precarious subsistence for their families by following the combined occupations of fishing and farming. The island of Innisglora is the headquarters of the lobster-fishing industry. For six weeks or two months at a time the Inniskea men dwell there in primitive huts, about a dozen in number, rudely built of dry stone and thatched with "scrawa." There is not room to stand upright in them, the height from the floor to the roof being only about five feet. The furniture consists of a rude bunk filled with straw for sleeping in and a few large stones used as seats. The inhabitants of the north island are generally taller than those of the south, most of them being broad-shouldered and stoutly built. They seldom speak any language except Irish on the islands, though many of them have a fair knowledge of English. The shirts, vests and trousers worn by the men are made of navy-blue homespun material. Many of them wear a loose blouse or frock of the same stuff, which they prefer to "shop cloth" because it is warmer, wears longer, and stands sea water better."

HERE is your true "Anglo-Saxonism" as the conglomeration is racially and racily analyzed by Daniel DeFoe, himself an Englishman:

Forgetting that themselves are all derived
From the most scoundrel race that ever lived,
A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
Who ransacked kingdoms and dispeopled towns.
The Pict and Painted Briton, treacherous Scot,
By hunger, theft and rapine, hither brought;
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
Whose red-haired offspring everywhere remains;
Who joined with Norman-French, compound the breed,
From whence your "free-born Englishmen" proceed.

DeFoe, like Thackeray, hated sham, and took grim delight in exposing it ruthlessly.—Catholic Union and Times (Rev. Father Cronin).

JULIAN HAWTHORNE continues his graphic papers on the dreadful East Indian famine in the August Cosmopolitan, and a more horrible recital of human suffering it is impossible to even imagine. The illustrations that accompany the narrative are object lessons in the book of horrors, and are a standing indictment against British rule in Hindostan. This fearful visitation, chiefly the result of British greed, is simply the Irish famine of fifty years ago on a larger scale. Where the Irish died by the hundred thousand, the Hindoos die by the million, because there are more of them to die. England has the ghastly distinction of being the only so-called civilized power that permits its subjects to die by millions of simple starvation. And Queen Victoria is nearly eighty, and the richest woman in Europe!

"THE late Robert Ffrench, of Monivea, had for years been in her Britannic Majesty's Diplomatic Service, from which he retired, on the death of his father, in 1876, being then First Secretary of Embassy at Vienna. He married, in 1863, Mademoiselle de Kindiakoff, who possessed very large estates in Russia, and by whom he left one daughter. The sole male representative of the ancient family at Monivea is his only brother, Acheson Ffrench."—Tuam Herald.

THE decoration of Lord Roberts' war horse by Queen Victoria is written of as something wonderful by the British press. It is nothing startling, however, because the same potentate has been in the habit, during her long reign, of decorating sundry "royal" and "noble" jackasses.

ENGLAND has given official notice to the governments of Germany and Belgium that the commercial treaties hitherto existing between herself and the powers named will be abrogated within a year, which is the limit of notice. The treaties have existed since the days of Richard Cobden, and their abrogation is regarded by many as an omen that Great Britain is about to radically modify her free trade policy.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Mary Murphy, wife of the brave and highly-honored assistant chief of the fire department of Buffalo, N. Y., was in the city last week as a delegate to the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association national convention. Mrs. Murphy is a zealous, intellectual lady, and her services contributed in no small degree toward the great success of the convention. She was accompanied by her daughter Grace, and both were the guests of their relatives, Capt. and Mrs. Hayes, 2445 Wabash avenue.

"We Have been using Hood's Sarsaparilla as a tonic and a blood purifier, and have found it excellent. We are also much pleased with Hood's Pills."—Mrs. H. Frederickson, 162 Lubeck street, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Graine Mhaol.

(Fear gan sinm ect.)

A Shaoi ghlan do phriomh-sgoith na sár-fhear saor,
Is binn snaoighte laoithe agus ráidhte séimh;
An aoibhinn leat dibirt ár náimhad go léir
A's a ri ceart sg luidhe anois le Gráine Mhaol?

Béidh soillse agus teinte geal cnámh ag Gaedhil;
A's fionta d'á ndíoga ar clár le sgleip;
Beidh aoibhneas a's intinh ar dhaimh 's ar chleir
Ag guidhe leis an righ ceart 's le Gráine Mhaol.

Tá Laoiseach go buidheanmhar tar sáile ag téacht,
Le diogras chum dioltais a's le gárd as faobhar;
Béidh saoithe ár gcriche go bráthach 'na réim,
Ag dibirt a naoimhdeo ó Gráine Mhaol.

Gaedhil ina milte ó'n Spáinn ag téacht
Fíor-sgoith na tire so cragas le sgleip
Fillfead gan mhoill chughainn tar sáile go tréan
Ag colmhdeacht an righ ceart a's Gráine Mhaol.

Spreag d'intinn, bíodh inidhir ort go bráthach lod' rae;
Glac claidheamh chúghad a's eirigh, a ghrádh mo chléibh;
Sginfaid ó hIolandus luchd bláith blanead,
Dá sinfeadh an ri ceart le Gráine Mhaol.

Tá an t-Impire a's Laoiseach a's Pápa De
Sidilia buidheanmhar 's an Spáinneach tréan
Is siodach (feasda) muinteardha páirteach réidh
Bheas an Stiobhard seo tighearht chúghainn 's le Gráine Mhaol.

Béidh geur-ghol a's caol ghuirt a's gárrtha cléibh,
Ag Gaill-bhodaighibh eholdhche,—'s ní cás liom é;
Striocfaid go hisiol go tláith 's go claon
Do'n Stiobhard so ar slighe chúghainn a's do Ghráine Mhaol.

Béidhmidne go fiontach 's go fáilteach saor,
'S ár saoithe go buidheanmhar 's go bráthach 'na réim.
Béidh Gaedhil bhocht' go hintinneach lán do sgleip.
A's a sgaoinse clamh dibeartha ó Ghráine Mhaol.

An Ceangal.

Sin agad a dhalta ghil ghreannmhar ghrádhmhar sheimh,
Mo theasdas ár mhasgalach mheanmnach bhláith gan bhéim;
Aingbir do straeadh le sealad ag námhaid go cleon
A's tá tamall fá sgamall ag Gaillibh 's ar fán an t-saoghail.

Béidh racaracht feasda béidh alteas béidh dáimh beidh dreacht,
Ag fiathaibh na Banbha ar dtaisdiol do'n árdfhlaith féin;
Béidh Gaill ina geeatha d'á leaga le catha pléar
A's béidh sealbh ag Carolus geallaim ar Ghráine Mhaol.

*Námhad, enemies.

A Fishing Trip

Along the Lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the title of a beautifully illustrated pamphlet of thirty-two pages, the contents of which are devoted to practical methods of fish-catching in nearby lakes and streams. One copy will be sent to any address on receipt of two cent postage stamp. GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

A. O. H. of Grundy Co.

A successful raffle, for the benefit of a brother who had lost his eyesight, was held by Div. 1, A. O. H. of Grundy County, Ill., at Coal City on July 30. The prize was a handsome, enameled gold pin, and it was won by Brother Lawrence Reynolds of Div. 26, Cook county. Mr. Reynolds resides at No. 5234 LaSalle street.

Sarsfield Council, I. N. A.

The regular monthly meeting of the Sarsfield Council of the Irish National Alliance was held in Congress hall, on Thursday night, July 29. The president, M. W. Gleason, occupied the chair. After the usual business of the meeting was transacted and a large number of new members enrolled, a very interesting impromptu programme was rendered, consisting of speeches, songs and recitations, closing the proceedings by the sing of "God Save Ireland", by the entire meeting. The next meeting will be held on August 26, at which some of the best speakers and entertainers in the city will be present, and to which all are invited. All Irish-Americans should be members of the Alliance, as it is the most practical way of helping Ireland, and of learning the history of the land of their fathers.

Ferris Wheel Park.

The eleventh week at Ferris Wheel park will open with an exceptionally good bill of the best available vaudeville talent. The programmes at the popular park have been growing better from week to week, until now the best general vaudeville bill in the city can be found at the big wheel. With such an excellent programme and with the protection afforded the patrons of the park in inclement weather, the Ferris Wheel grounds are crowded both at the matinee and night performances, almost to its capacity. It is estimated that the attendance last Sunday evening was over 2,000 people, over half of whom took a whirl in the big wheel. The bill for the week comprises Fielding, the wonderful comedy juggler: Pascatel, the king of contortionists; the two Magnets; Stella Mack and Claudia West; the Lazards and Irene Verona; Harry Pink; the three Albions; Bicknell, the clay modeler, and other big features. The free wheel rides in the afternoon are responsible largely for the excellent matinees, and the miniature world's fair and other attractions of the park commend themselves most excellently to the patronizing public.

Vacation Days.

In the Lake Regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and South Dakota, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes, nearly all of which are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the Northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Send a two-cent stamp for a copy of "Vacation Days" giving a description of the principal resorts, and a list of summer hotels and boarding houses, and rates for board, to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

O'DONNELL BROS.,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6 per cord, delivered.
Office and Yard
303 W. Taylor-st., between Halsted-st. and Blue Island av.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 522 REAPER BLOCK.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the August Term A. D. 1897. Catherine Nadelhoffer vs. William B. Connor, Edward S. Dreyer, Trustee, Robert Berger, successor in trust, Patrick J. Murray, Eleanor E. Walker, the unknown legal owners and the unknown legal holders of the notes secured by deed of trust from William B. Connor, Bachelor, to Edward S. Dreyer, Trustee, dated August 12, 1892, and recorded August 16, 1892, in the Recorder's office of Cook County, Illinois, as Document No. 1,717,877 in Book 3,770 of Records, on page 612. In Chancery. No. 169,450.

Notice is hereby given to the said Eleanor Walker that the above named Complainant heretofore filed her Bill of Complaint in said Court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the Third Monday of August A. D. 1897, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. COOKE, Clerk.
Sullivan & Healy, Comp'ts Sol'rs.

J. J. FITZGERALD, ATTORNEY, 616 REAPER BLOCK.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the September Term A. D. 1897. John McMillian vs. Clara E. McMillian. In Chancery. No. 173,567.

Notice is hereby given to the said Clara E. McMillian that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the Third Monday of September A. D. 1897 as by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. COOKE, Clerk.
J. J. Fitzgerald, Compl't's Sol'r.

AIR CASTLES.

I sit alone tonight and dream
In the firelight's fitful flare,
And, gazing in the glowing grate,
I see reflected there,
Through fancy's fairy vistas,
My castles in the air.

In distant stately splendor
Stands fame's imperial fane,
What would we not surrender
Her treasured stores to gain?
From walls with jewels gleaming,
From halls with beauty beaming,
Sound voices ever seeming
To call us to attain.

The heights of Castle Learning
Are gained through many scars,
But when with ardor burning
We beat against her bars
She grants to our endeavor
Laurels that, fading never,
Abide with us forever,
Enduring as the stars.

I sit alone tonight and dream
In the firelight's fitful flare,
Ye gracious fates, but grant, I pray,
The will to do and dare,
That I may put foundations 'neath
My castles in the air.

—Ernest Neal Lyon in New York Sun.

AT THE BLACK CAT.

It was a deep, gloomy night. The heavy, leaden clouds that obscured the heavens moved so swiftly as to remind one of the writhings of the huge waves of the ocean when lashed by the storm. A thick fog added to the density of the night and hid the houses opposite from each other's view. A chill wind was blowing, penetrating any chance pedestrian's marrow with more deadly vengeance than a colder, calmer night.

A coach dashed down the streets, clattering on the cobblestones with terrific force, owing to the wild plunging of the horses, who seemed to scent some hidden foe who was endeavoring to check their onward progress. Suddenly there was a sharp turn which almost upset the vehicle, a light flashed out, and there was an abrupt halt. The driver climbed down from his seat, opened the door and spoke to the occupant, "I say you, good sir, the Cat."

The person addressed stepped out, a tall, slender man wrapped in a long, close coat, its high collar covering the lower part of his face, an odd cocked cap with a long visor succeeded in reaching to the eyebrows, leaving none of the countenance visible but a pair of piercing black eyes, glowing bright in the fitful light. He handed the driver a coin, dropped his hands at his sides and stood motionless until awakened by the clatter of the retreating coach, which was rapidly making its way down the fog obscured street.

"The Sign of the Black Cat," he muttered and moved slightly. A ray of light flickered brighter and flashed in his face. He raised his eyes and beheld a large, square white lantern on which, couchant, with great, lurid, topaz eyes, was a black cat. The traveler shivered as if struck by a chill. He glanced toward the entrance, the door opened, letting out a flood of light, bringing into startling prominence a thickset, ruddy faced man bubbling over with good will. His snuff colored velvet short clothes, black silk stockings and handsome silver buckles betokened the enjoyment of full prosperity. He peered into the night apprehensively. The traveler advanced. The man in the doorway saw him.

"Be thou for the Black Cat, good sir?" said he.

"Of a truth."

"Hasten in there, friend, and welcome, I pray thee. The night is aye too damp and chill for the like of thee. Rheumatism is in its very breath."

The stranger stepped in. He threw open his long cloak, then hastily drew it together, but the tavern keeper had caught a glimpse of a scarlet coat.

"Margot," he called. "Margot, a traveler. Hasten thou and mix a hot grog."

He looked around. The newcomer had sunk into a chair, his eyes closed. The long cloak had opened and displayed the scarlet uniform of an English officer.

"Hasten, hasten, girl!" he shouted. "He appeareth to sink."

"Not so," remarked the stranger, and a slight smile illuminated the piercing black eyes under the cap's visor, which he still wore. His eyes fell on the opened coat. He looked up at the tavern keeper scrutinizingly, and the man in turn made a slight motion with his left hand.

The girl Margot now appeared with a steaming mug of grog in one hand and a lighted candle in the other. She held the mug toward him. He extended his right hand for the beverage, pushed his cap back with his left, causing it to fall to the floor, and in so doing displayed thick, wavy, black hair drawn back from a smooth, broad forehead and tied at the nape of the neck with a crimson ribbon. The girl leaned forward and let the light from the candle fall on his face. It was pale and delicate, with an aquiline nose, a sensitive mouth, but a chin indicating a will of iron.

He drank the grog slowly, in silence, handed the mug to the girl, who left the room, then dropped his head on his breast with an air of weariness.

The tavern keeper busied himself about, every now and then casting glances at his silent guest. The old man had raised his left hand for a huge Dutch tobacco jar reposing on a shelf near by, when he was startled with:

"Worthy host, be this the Cat that stood in C—— in 1725?"

The host of the Black Cat eyed the questioner suspiciously.

"The same, and why?"

"Naught," stifling a yawn.

"Seventeen hundred and twenty-five," repeated the tavern keeper. "Aye and a goodly year for the hosts of the Cat."

The traveler pricked up his ears. "Aye and it was." This aloud.

"And how and why?" asked the traveler.

The tavern keeper filled two pipes with tobacco, called for the girl Margot to brew more grog, handed one pipe to his guest, and seated himself in a large high backed chair. The girl soon appeared with the steaming drink, a second girl bringing up the rear with a small mahogany table. This she put between the two men, and Margot placed thereon the pot and two mugs.

For some minutes after the departure of the serving women the two men smoked in silence. The host then took up the pot and filled the mugs and held one out to his companion. The stranger placed his hand on the handle of the proffered vessel and waited. The tavern keeper raised his mug in midair and said:

"Welcome, thrice welcome, friend." There was the least pause. "God save the king."

The traveler bowed low, raised his cup lightly to his lips and replaced it on the table. His host drained his mug to the dregs and placed it by the pot.

"And now, good sir, a tale of goodly days when men were wont contentedly to bow to old England's judgment—God save the name! The night was a wild one in 1825. The—bless me—good master, this very month night—Nov. 5, Guy Fawkes' night. All honor to England, comrade!" And he refilled the mug, drank deeply, then relapsed into silence.

"By faith, good host, your tale."

"Aye, aye, once more. The night was dark and stormy. The Boston coach rattled down the street and halted at The Cat. My grandsire, God rest his ashes, stood at his door to welcome the coming guest. Without heeding the welcome put forth by the worthy host the traveler, a tall, slender man with piercing black eyes, pushed by him, entered the house and called for grog. Under his left arm he carried a black tin box. By my faith, the grog was brought. He dropped into a chair, drank it down, then sat in deep meditation for more than an hour. His greatcoat fell apart, and the grandsire forthwith beheld the uniform of a British officer, perfect but for the absence of one button from the coat."

The listener leaned forward, every muscle betraying active interest.

The tavern keeper continued the narrative.

"My grandsire sat and watched him closely when the man suddenly remarked, 'Genial host, a bed—by thy allegiance to good King George, a goodly one.' My grandsire arose, lit a taper and led him to an upper chamber, the very one, good sir, thou shalt have this night. As he turned to leave the guest he heard a faint mew and a great black cat with burning eyes scuttled past and almost threw him to the floor. Aye, the chill was cold that fastened on to the first host of the Cat, for he saw in the feline the evil genius of the family. He went, nay fell, down the stairs and never sought his bed the entire night. In the early dawn he crept up the stairs to peer at the door of his guest's chamber. It was open. The bed had never been occupied. Not an article was disturbed, but there on the dresser lying in a pile were these five buttons." And the tavern keeper drew out a small chain from his side pocket on which hung five brass buttons and handed them to his guest.

"By the throne of old England, what a"— The traveler stopped short.

"Prithee, what?" demanded the tavern keeper.

"What a tale! And did disaster follow the coming of the cat?"

"Therein lieth the mystery. From the moment when my grandsire lay hands on those buttons his luck changed as by magic."

"Ha! Aladdin's lamp! Very strange."

"Very," reiterated the tavern keeper.

"But a bed, my worthy host, a bed. Mine eyes are fain to close any moment."

"Aye, and the very one, good master." He arose, lighted a candle and said, "Follow me."

They climbed a winding stairs leading from the rear. The candle cast fitful shadows on either side. A gust of wind swept by; the candle flickered and went out. The tavern keeper on reaching the uppermost landing walked a few steps and opened a door. A rush of light poured into the corridor, there was a faint pur, and a large black cat with blazing eyes rushed out, nearly upsetting the hots.

"The cat!" he gasped.

"The cat!" simultaneously exclaimed the stranger.

"No sleep for the host of the Cat this night." And the tavern keeper's voice was husky.

"Pray thee, man, and wouldst thou be upset by the like?"

"Stranger, thou wist not the cat."

The younger man laughed as he closed the door. He sat down in a chair thoughtfully.

"The very Cat. By good King George, the only Cat, and by the bones of every Hamilton past and to be this mystery will unravel itself."

He drew a small leathern case from his innermost pocket, opened it, selected a dull brown parchment and read:

Jasper Hamilton, my father, disappeared, and with his disappearance was lost the prosperity of the house of Hamilton. On his person were precious stones and gold of great value. Last heard of was bound in the night of November Nov. 5, 1725, for "The Sign of the Black Cat" tavern, C——, province of New Hampshire, America. DUDLEY HAMILTON.

"So be it. A second Jasper Hamilton seekest the Cat on Nov. 5, 1777. And this is the very chamber where my grandfather was last seen."

It was low ceiled. A huge four post bed, hung with bright green rep, was in the corner. A great chest of drawers ornamented with shining brass knobs stood between two windows hung with green rep. A monster clock stood opposite. Several stern, straight backed mahogany chairs leaned severely stiff against the oak paneled walls.

"The same chamber," he repeated, removing his long coat. Then, beginning to unfasten the military coat, he paused, snuffed out the candle and threw himself on the bed.

Great gusts of wind beat against the windows. It moaned, then roared as if in untold rage. Again it became mournful, more gentle, and suddenly ceased. The mists began to fade away. The heavy cloud parted. A pale silver moon appeared and shed her brilliant rays over the entire room. The weary traveler sighed in contentment.

What sound was that?

He started up. There was a harsh grating as of some one at the lock. He sprang from the bed, ran over to the window and hid himself in the drapings. The door opened. Outlined in the pale clear moonlight the intruder stood forth a short, thickset man, whose naturally merry, rubicund face was distorted by some malignant purpose. The traveler felt his every muscle stiffen. The man moved toward the bed. He drew the rep curtains aside. The man at the window leaned forward. The moon's rays fell full on the bed, and there, lying with a black tin box clasped in his arms, was a man fully clad in the uniform of a British officer.

The sleeping man started, opened his eyes and sprang up. The thickset man forced him back.

"The box, Jasper Hamilton—the box with the jewels and gold!"

But the man on the bed clung to the box, gave a violent wrench and knocked his opponent aside, sprang from the bed and faced his glaring adversary.

"The box, or you"—

The tall officer rushed forward and clutched at his antagonist's throat. The man on the other hand flung his left arm forward, there was a flash of something bright, a low, choking cry, and the soldier swayed forward, then backward and fell to the floor.

"Ha, ha, Jasper Hamilton, and now I pray thee give the box, good fellow! Aye, I thank thee, so courteous, so generous." And he bowed mockingly to the fallen man.

The man in the window tried to cry out, but his voice refused utterance. Some gigantic monster seemed holding him in a viselike grip.

The other living man gazed upon his victim complacently, stooped, drew the blade out of the bloodless wound, coolly wiped it on the military coat, paused, then quickly stooped over the corpse as if examining it, arose, moved over to the dresser and laid thereon five buttons in a pile, walked over to the side wall, ran his right hand along it, paused, pressed the forefinger, when suddenly and noiselessly a wide, dark opening was visible. He turned to the body, dragged it forward, placing the head at the opening, stepped backward, and gave a push with his foot. It was immovable. He stooped down, took it by the knees, made a violent forward movement, and it slid silently out of sight. He closed the aperture gently, ran his hand over the wall, then passed from the room.

Clouds were again filling the sky, the winds began to moan and sigh, the traveler staggered forward. His breath came in gasps.

"The leather wallet, man, quick!"

He started at the words. A hand was over his mouth. His eyes opened. He was in the red curtained bed, and standing over him menacingly, knife in hand, was his jolly host, his face contorted by passion.

"Make haste! The wallet!"

The stranger sprang upward. The tavern keeper felt a stinging blow on the right cheek and staggered backward. The officer made a rapid back movement with the right hand and drew forth a long, thin bladed Italian stiletto.

"To death, my jolly host, to death!"

The darkness obscured everything, yet the labored breathing of his antagonist reached him.

"As thou wilt," muttered the man, and he advanced. There were several close encounters, a low gurgling cry and a heavy fall.

"To death, my merry host, to death!"

There was no reply.

The night had become calmer. The moon pierced the clouds. It filled the low ceiled chamber. The officer knelt down by the prostrate man, put his hand in the side coat pocket and drew forth a chain on which hung five brass buttons. He removed them and replaced the chain, felt in his own breast pocket and drew forth a sixth, rose and laid them in a pile on the dresser, then moved to the side wall, ran his right hand along, pressed with the forefinger, and there appeared a wide, dark opening.

He retraced his steps, dragged the body forward, placed the head at the opening, stooped, grasped it by the knees, gave a push and it silently disappeared. He closed the wall and turned to the dresser.

"When Jasper Hamilton disappeared, there remained but five buttons on the dresser. When mine host Glendening is found missing, they will have become six."

He drew a paper out of his pocket and wrote:

"The sins of the fathers are visited on the third and fourth generations," and placed it by the buttons, picked up his long cloak, turned, opened the door, ran lightly down the stairs, out of the house and disappeared into the night.

The huge white lantern hung aloft—but the couchant cat with the topaz eyes was gone.—Jennie Louise Harris in Minneapolis Tribune.

Advertising.

A good headline, if in large type and of great brevity, is really an illustration, and many advertisers prefer it to a picture, because the right kind of a headline is not misleading, and is instantly absorbed by the reader, while a picture, and even a good one, may illustrate something which the advertiser does not care to bring out prominently. The public can sometimes misunderstand a picture, but it is not likely to misunderstand a brief headline or short text.

It would seem that the golden rule of advertising is to use illustrations only when they illustrate and to use strong headlines with or without illustrations and to use illustrations a part of the time and large type headlines the rest of the time.—Hardware.

POLITICS IN TEXAS.

AN INCIDENT IN A CAMPAIGN AGAINST SENATOR MILLS.

A Speech of One Sentence That Served as an Answer to Wholesale Attacks—A Timely Bit of Advice From the Outskirts of the Crowd.

Just at the acme of his fame Roger Quarles Mills of Texas came near being swept back into private life by a raging flood of prohibition sentiment in his district, which was then the center of that emotional movement in Texas. One bold speech saved Mills. It was made at Waco, under circumstances very much like those in the Breckinridge case—that is to say, the women had thrown themselves into the fight against Mills because he would not agree to their notion that the rum power should be paralyzed at one fell swoop. Hundreds of them had organized themselves into bands and had gone all through the district threatening and cajoling the men. Their able coadjutors, the preachers, had proclaimed against Mills from their pulpits, and this had aroused a religious frenzy against him. Services of prayer and shouting were held in the streets and in the woods, and the Great Jehovah was appealed to to put a stop to the public career of Mills.

The opposition was led by the Rev. J. R. Cranfill, a Baptist minister of considerable renown and a campaign orator of great power. He was the idol not only of the Baptists, who were numerous and influential in the district, but also of the entire religious element, who were waging a war of extermination on the demon rum. In all of his speeches Dr. Cranfill was terribly abusive of Mills. His vituperation was as bitter as that which New England preachers used to apply to Thomas Jefferson because of his supposed atheism.

Mills had gone through the campaign without returning Cranfill's abuse. In fact, he had scarcely referred to him in any way at all. This led to the belief in the circles of the opposition that the leader of the tariff reform hosts in congress was afraid of the preacher.

A coward can succeed at nothing in Texas. While Texans are not as bloodthirsty as they have the reputation of being, yet they prize courage above all other traits. Not until the campaign was nearly over did Mills come to realize the absolute necessity of meeting Dr. Cranfill with his own weapons of abuse. The last big Democratic rally was held at Waco just a few days before the election. All the railroads ran excursion trains into the bustling little city that day, and thousands of people from all parts of the big state took advantage of the low rates to hear Mills' closing speech. The Prohibition visitors were as numerous as the Democrats.

Waco was the home of Dr. Cranfill, and everybody entertained the secret hope that he would challenge Mills for a joint discussion. Sure enough this was arranged after Mills reached the city. The congressman made the first speech. He made no reference to Dr. Cranfill's continuous personal abuse of him. It was disappointing in its mildness and dignity. The doctor followed, and from the opening sentence turned loose an avalanche of vituperation which would have destroyed a less strong man than Mills. Ten thousand people shouted and hissed. The women cackled lustily and clapped their pretty hands until they must have been blistered as Cranfill proceeded with his "skinning operation."

Through it all Mills sat like a sphinx. No waves of anger swept over his rugged face once while Dr. Cranfill was scoring him. When he arose to make the closing speech, his own followers did not applaud him. Dr. Cranfill started to leave the stand. This was Mills' opportunity. In a resonant voice, quivering with emotion, he imperiously commanded the preacher to keep his seat. The crowd heard this and were ready for a tragedy.

Mills looked about him for a minute or two while the people were getting seated. Cranfill glared at him viciously. The suspense was terrible. The congressman continued to view his audience in silence.

"Give him h—l, Mills!" screamed a Democrat from the outer fringe of the crowd who had not yet lost hope.

Mills craned his neck in an effort to see who it was that had given him the advice. Then he turned toward Dr. Cranfill. He gazed pityingly on the preacher for a second, and then his white face flushed. Moving up close to the chair occupied by Cranfill, he pointed a long, bony finger at his traducer, and turning again toward the audience he hissed between his teeth:

"Hell is so full of such preachers as this man that their feet are sticking out of the windows."

That was all he said. He didn't get a chance to say anything else that day from the rostrum. The air rang with a mighty shout for nearly a half hour. Mills tried to quiet the frenzied people, but the more he waved his arms at them the louder they shouted. Finally a crowd surrounded the stand and carried him away. He won the fight, and he would have lost it if he had not made that short closing speech.—J. J. Dickinson in St. Louis Republic.

Oscillation of Tall Chimneys.

The extent of the degree of the oscillation of tall chimneys may be exactly noted by a close observation of the shadow they cast upon the ground. A case in point is that of a chimney 115 feet high and 4 feet in diameter externally at the top, near Marseilles, the oscillation of which was observed by the shadow during a high wind attaining the maximum of over 20 inches.

Always.

Cora—College men seem very much inclined to take life easy.

Dora—Yes, even when they graduate they do it by degrees.—Brooklyn Life.

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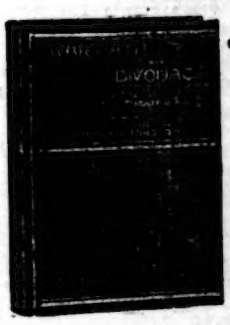

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THE POWER OF WHAT WE CALL CLAIRVOYANCE POSSIBLE FOR ALL.

"Julia" Gives Assurance Through William T. Stead That Anybody Who Pleases Can Do the Occult—A Few of the Simpler Instructions Easily Understood.

William T. Stead, author, journalist, theosophist and general student of all that is odd, now announces that he has received by the means of automatic writing from a very well known spirit the information that every living person has what is called the sixth sense. In other words, we are all mediums, contrary to the general supposition, even among the advanced disciples of spiritualism.

The message or communication is given to the world through Editor Stead, who for the time being is under the guidance of this feminine control, the real author of the statements being known as Julia. Her messages have been coming at intervals for five years and among the students of the occult are regarded as absolutely true. That is why Mr. Stead lays so much importance upon them. It is for this reason he holds that the communication between the inhabitants of the world and those who have passed away can be much more free if only people will have it that way. In the message Julia says:

"What I have to tell you is that all those who really wish to have the sixth sense, or whatever you may choose to term it, so developed that they can at will become sensibly or to their senses cognizant of the reality of the existence of the beings who encompass them about can acquire the gift or faculty if they will but adapt themselves to the laws of the region into which they wish to penetrate. It is a potentiality of the universal human race. Nor is it only human. Many animals have the open eye. They see when their owners are blind. But you can see if you choose. It rests with yourselves.

"There is no short cut to the sixth sense. There may be something like it in mesmerism and hypnotism, but that is not at all what I mean. What is possible is for every child of man to become what you call normally clairvoyant—that is, for any one to possess himself of the power of seeing and hearing, as plainly as he sees and hears material things, the invisible forms and voices that surround him.

"The power is one that ought to be under control. There will be only harm done if you do not shut at will the clairvoyant eye. Imagine the mischief that would happen if when life and death hung on the absolute concentration of all faculties on the subject immediately before you, if at the supreme moment you were to see the whole phantasmagoria of borderland pass between you and the point of exclusive interest. If you cannot control your sixth sense, you had better not acquire it. It is much better to do without it than to be controlled by it.

"You should have the sense at command when you need it, as you have your microscope or your telescope, but better have neither if you are to be compulsorily doomed at other will than yours to interrupt the work of life by a spectacle of the infinitely little or the infinitely remote. Man should always be master of his senses, especially of the sixth sense, as it is called."

In her further statements to Mr. Stead Julia goes on to say that the investigator must always be simple and not to be constantly thinking of himself. In other words, self consciousness must be avoided, or it will play havoc with the chances of success. All one's mental faculties are needed. Everything must be examined and tested without prejudice and without partiality. Nothing can be achieved without time and patience.

The first thing to be done to see the invisible ones, Julia says, is to be very still and to wait. When quite still and passive, close your eyes and think of the one whom you wish to see. If it is a friend still alive in the body, it will help you if at the same time, although that is not essential, he or she be also passive and alone. When you have two spirits in accord, both seeking the same thing, the difficulties are less, but you must be agreed in heart and soul. If you could keep the concentrated quiet attention for a longer period than five minutes without becoming tired, then you had better do so. At no time, however, force yourself, for a strain means failure.

If in this way, Julia declares, one succeeds in acquiring success, it is acquired forever. There will be no more parting between the one who has gained his object and the spirit world. The greatest danger is that the sixth sense may control the individual instead of being in itself controlled.—New York Herald.

Warwickshire's Ducking Stools.

Warwickshire boasts the possession of a larger number of ducking stools than any other English county, and two of the oldest have just been brought into public notice. The Warwick town council have carefully repaired the curious instrument of punishment which visitors to the crypt of the famous Beauchamp church there are familiar with. Kenilworth also possesses a well preserved ducking stool which is said to have been in use as a means of bringing scolds to a reasonable frame of mind so long ago as the period when Elizabeth graced Earl Leicester's castle with her presence and before the Amy Robsart legend became in any way associated with the building.—Westminster Gazette.

Spiteful.

Mabel—Mr. Sweetser tells me I am the only woman in the world he cares anything about.

Edith—I suppose he doesn't class May Golding among women. I know he always calls her an angel.—Boston Transcript.

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CUNNING OF THE LEFT HAND

Some of the Advantages That Are Possessed by the Ambidextrous.

Ambidextrous men and women, or those who can use either right or left hand with equal facility, are not nearly so frequently met with as might at first be supposed—in fact, they are quite rare. This double faculty is, however, much more frequently met with among butchers and sailors than in any other walks of life. Left handed butchers are numerous, as a walk through any of our large market houses will quickly demonstrate, but it is a very interesting study to watch one of them who will cut, chop, saw and handle his meat without once changing it from one side to the other on the block or changing his own position.

In view of the many advantages derived from the ability to use both hands equally well many people have often expressed surprise at the action of educational authorities in insisting on the use of only the right hand instead of trying to develop an equal skill in the other. They all stick to the right handed idea, however, and an old resident of Frankford, noted for his ambidextrousness, is still mourning the loss of a prize at school through the use of his left hand in writing, although he was equally skillful as a penman with his right.

The benefits derived from the use of both hands were excellently illustrated in the experience of two carpenters who lived in Frankford some years ago. Their names were Cross and Walton, and the former was right handed, the latter left handed. As one was also very tall and the other very short, they made a curious couple, but they always worked together laying floors and putting up joiners' work in buildings.

They could take jobs of this character cheaper than any other, because they could work from either end toward each other so handily. Cross would square a floor board at one end and Walton would "scribe" and cut it off to fit at the other end and then nail down, working together from opposite ends.

Left handed machinists are always at a disadvantage, as machinery is invariably adapted to people who work right handed, but the ambidextrous man or woman is always at home in whatever work is undertaken.—Phila-

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ESTATE OF THOMAS G. LYNCH, Deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Thomas G. Lynch, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1897, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, July 27, 1897.

BRIDGET LYNCH, Executrix.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

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